THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCII.—No. 1191]
OCTOBER 13, 1926
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

HEDGES AND BUTLER'S WINES
Wine Merchants by appointment to H.M. the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
WINE LISTS ON APPLICATION
LONDON: 153 REGENT ST., W.1

A.D. 1667—A.D. 1926

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

ESTABLISHED 1857.
OBTAINABLE AT ALL WINE MERCHANTS AND STORES.
Champagne
J. LEMOINE
CUVÉE ROYALE
VINEYARDS AND ESTABLISHMENTS: RILLY-LA-MONTAGNE, REIMS.

ROYAL PIER HOTEL
Recently enlarged. Thoroughly up-to-date.
Every possible comfort. First-class cuisine.
Near New Golf Course.
'Phone: 2051 Portsmouth.
Miss Chedzey, Manageress.
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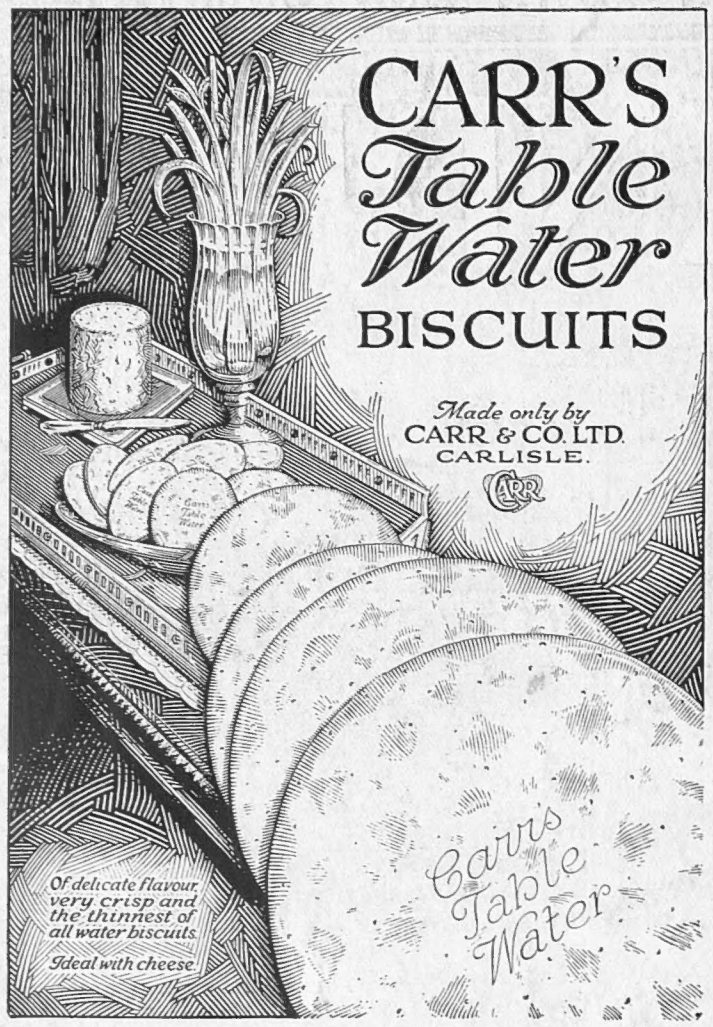
(Book to PORTSMOUTH TOWN STATION)

ROOD & CO. LTD
50 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.
DEALERS IN FINE JEWELS
52 & 53, Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London.
Spécialité: Second-hand Rings, Brooches and Pearl Necklaces.
Jewels purchased, valued, exchanged or remounted from artistic designs.

Made by hand of the unique 555 Leaf.
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES
№ 555 VIRGINIA 25 for 2/-
Ardath Tobacco Co., Ltd., London.



CARR'S *Table Water* BISCUITS

Made only by
CARR & CO. LTD.
CARLISLE.

HEAT

Just like an old friend—always a warm welcome from the "ESSE". Never grows cold towards you—unvarying in its service. Economical—easy to use—two or three minutes morning and evening—and on it goes—equable—gentle—or glowing in its warmth according to your wishes.

KEEP SUMMER WARMTH THE WINTER THRO'

Prices from: Plain, £4 . 9 . 0. Enamel finish, £5 . 18 . 6.

Ask your Ironmonger or Stove Dealer for a copy of the interesting Book of the "ESSE", or we will post direct to you with name of the nearest "ESSE" dealer.

"ESSE"

Sole Patentees and Manufacturers:

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., Bonnybridge SCOTLAND

With Showrooms at London, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

NONE GRUDGE 4D *FOR THIS LACE*

Paton's "33" Lace is a product with nothing about it you can criticise—the tags are patent and absolutely fast, the colours and initial smartness are permanent, and in use it will easily last the lifetime of the best shoes you have.

If you wish to satisfy yourself on these points take a Paton's "33" Lace and compare it with any other you have. First, compare the colours, next examine the tags and note how ours are affixed—then weigh the two laces and see which has the more material in it—Paton's "33" Laces as often as not are fully twice the weight of others—hence the wearing quality.

4d. is quite enough to pay for first class boot or shoe laces but make certain you get Paton "33" Laces.

Avoid disappointment—buy

PATON'S 33 LACES

If your bootmaker cannot supply, write to makers enclosing 1/- for 3 pairs. State whether for Ladies' or Gent's boots or shoes. Also colour—black, tan or white—and for shoe laces state whether tubular or flat required.

Priced 4d. per pair.

WM. PATON, LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.

P5

IMPORTANT SALE. FURNITURE AND OBJECTS OF FINE ART.

High Class Modern and Genuine Antiques. The whole to be disposed of quite regardless of original cost, and in most cases ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE, including many items from the following important collections:—

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Leverhulme, The Rt. Hon. Lord Grantley (from Red Rice, Hants), Earl of Essex (from Cassiobury Park), and others.

This collection comprises the largest and most varied selection of Genuine Antiques and High Class Modern Second-hand Furniture and Works of Art in England.

On view daily, 9 till 7, including Thursdays and Saturdays. Any item may be selected at once for delivery when required, or can remain warehoused free for 12 months, payment when delivery required.

DINING ROOMS, RECEPTION ROOMS and LIBRARIES in styles of Adam, Hepplewhite, Chippendale, and Sheraton. Complete sets ranging from 15 gns. up to 1,000 gns. Special attention is called to a very beautiful set in rich dark mahogany of Queen Anne style, comprising sideboard, extending oval dining table on shaped legs, and a complete set of dining chairs with carving chairs to match, the whole set being offered at 29 gns. and another complete set of exquisite make of Chippendale style offered at 37 gns. Complete reception room sets, including Oak Dresser, extending table, and complete set of chairs for 15 gns.

DRAWING ROOMS in English and Continental styles, including some choice specimens of painted satinwood, Walnut and Gilt, Black and Red Chinese Lacquer. A magnificent Louis XVI. set covered real hand-made Aubusson Tapestries being offered at 75 gns. (cost over treble).

LUXURIOUSLY UPHOLSTERED Settees and Lounge Easy Chairs, covered with real Morocco leather, choice French silk damask, and art linen, quantity of Lounge Easy Chairs covered with real leather, £3 17s. 6d. Settees from £3 3s. Several useful Lounge Chairs, covered art linen and damask, from £1 5s. Complete Three-piece Suites, including Settees and two Lounge Easy Chairs, from £7 7s. 18 large Lounge Easy Chairs with loose cushion seats at £2 5s. up to 20 gns., and three large Chesterfield Settees to match, as new, from 5 gns. up to 27 gns.

BABY GRAND PIANOFORTE, by Collard and Collard, and other short grands and uprights by eminent makers, all offered at less than half original cost. Full particulars on application.

COMPLETE BEDROOMS, styles of Louis XIV. and Louis XVI. enamelled and gilt, choice satinwood, silver ash, mahogany, ranging from £5 5s. up to 750 gns., a magnificent QUEEN ANNE DESIGN SUITE, in oyster-shell figured walnut, complete 27 gns. Special attention is called to a very choice complete bedroom suite in Cream Lacquer decorated in Chinese taste, offered for 95 gns. SEVERAL very fine massive Early Victorian Wardrobes from 5 gns. ANTIQUE WARDROBES and TALLBOY CHESTS in styles of Jacobean, Queen Anne, Adam and Chippendale, Sheraton, etc. BEDSTEADS, including elegant carved and gilt bedsteads of Empire design and GENUINE Hepplewhite, Elizabethan, and other four-poster bedsteads. Antique dealers should inspect these.

PERSIAN, TURKEY, WILTON and AXMINSTER CARPETS, from 3 gns. to 350 gns.

OLD ENGLISH BRACKET and TALL GRANDFATHER CLOCKS. Bronze and Marble Statuary, etc., large quantity of Superior Bed and Table Linen, Iron Safes and quantity of General Household Effects.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN

ON SALE DAILY, 9 TILL 7 (INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS).

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (B NOW READY. MAY BE HAD FREE ON APPLICATION.

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Goods Delivered to any part, town or country, or shipped for abroad.

Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.

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Abdo REGD CORSETS

AMONG the wide selection of 'Abdo' models offered by Swan and Edgar, there is a mode for every type of figure. Scientifically correct in design, they mould and support the body, giving the essential silhouette without compression or constraint.

'ABDO'

Model 342 (*Shown above*)

A handsome wrap around Corset for average and full figures, made in Pink Broché. Elastic section under bust and at side, and also elastic band across bottom of back. Sizes 24 - 36 ins. waist. **21/-**

'ABDO'

FIGURE REDUCING

Model 827 (*Shown below*)

A new figure-reducing, back supporting model in fine White or Pink Coutil. Very low fitting top. Four piece reducing belt. Duplex Rust-proof Steels, hip bone left entirely free. Four adjustable suspenders. Sizes 23-38 ins. waist. **18/11**

SWAN & EDGAR LTD.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS W

A NEW NOTE IN LINGERIE

LACE WOOL

UNDERWEAR

OF ATTRACTIVE DESIGN

Made from lace wool in effective designs, soft and warm and at the same time light in wear.

DAINTY LACE WOOL CHEMISE in good quality lace wool, attractive design trimmed ninon fold and narrow shoulder straps. In white, pink, beige, coral, black, mauve, cyclamen, and peach.

PRICE

21/9

TIGHT FITTING KNICKER to match with band of ninon coming to a point either side. In beige, coral, black, mauve, cyclamen, and peach - - - - - - **21/9**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

Catalogue Post Free.

The Safety Razor

men covet beyond all others is the Wilkinson.

The hand-forged, **Hollow-ground** blades of finest steel are a revelation to all who are accustomed to wafer blades. They take an edge rivalled in keenness only by barbers' razors.

The set of the edge is quickly adjusted to a nicety by the new **Adjustable Safety Frame.** The blade is kept in perfect trim by the **Automatic Stropper.** The Wilkinson is British throughout.

WILKINSON SWORD Co MADE IN ENGLAND

WILKINSON

SAFETY SHAVER

No. 121.—**Set with 7 Hollow Ground Blades,** each etched with a day of the week, new Adjustable Shaver Frame, Automatic Stropping Machine. In handsome polished Oak Case **42/-**

No. 122.—Set as No. 121, but with **3 Hollow Ground Blades** in polished Oak Case .. .. **25/-** Also sets at 15/6 and 8/6.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured by

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.,
53, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
Gun, Sword and Razor Makers.
T. H. Randolph, Man: Director.

No other car—at any price—will yield you greater satisfaction than an

Austin

TAKE, for instance, this Austin Twenty "Carlton" Saloon. It is a car that cannot fail to please the most exacting taste, in point of luxury, beauty or efficiency; power, economy or long serviceable quality. Yet the price is now only £550. And so it is with every Austin Model; whatever the type of car you wish to buy, there's an Austin—a "Twenty," a "Twelve" or a "Seven"—that is exactly right in every way, and the finest value you can possibly get for your money.

If you are not going to be at Olympia, you can see a complete range of the Show Models at our Agents in all the principal towns, or at our own spacious Showrooms at

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Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD. LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

Note:

AUSTIN PRICES HAVE BEEN VERY SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED. They now range from

£145 to £775

AT WORKS

JUST THE THING

IF you value that consciousness of increased self-respect which is the reward of a thoroughly comfortable and satisfactory shave. *Williams Shaving Stick* is "*just the thing*" for you.

Price **1/3.** Refills **1/-.**

Williams Stick is also sold in Double-Cap Holder.

TRIAL SAMPLE OFFER.

For **3d.** in stamps we will send you a sample stick in full sized Williams holder top container. After it is finished the same container will take an ordinary sized Williams refill (price **1/-**).

The J. B. Williams Co. Dept. 31
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Williams

Holder Top Shaving Stick

History

Not only the scholar is attracted by Egypt's wonderful past. Its monuments are so impressive, the scenery so strangely beautiful its native life so simple and almost unchanged through the centuries, that the ordinary winter visitor finds more varied pleasure in a stay in Egypt than the scholar whose main interest is in the past alone. That is the charm of

EGYPT

She gives with an unsparing hand to all who visit there. Beauty and wonder, health in her magically restorative air, comfort in her hotels and luxurious dahabeahs and tourist steamers.

Season—October to May

Illustrated Booklet "The Valley of the Nile" obtainable on request.

Tourist Development Association of Egypt (*Egyptian Government Office*), **41, Tothill Street, Westminster, London, S.W. 1,** *or* **Cairo Railway Station, Cairo.**

The Whole Town's Talking

History repeats itself.

LAST year "the whole town was talking" of the 2-Litre 14/60 h.p. Lagonda — making its debut at Olympia 1925. Overwhelming success has followed the introduction of this superb model.

Olympia this year will hold another Lagonda* triumph—a new masterpiece that is the climax of over a quarter of a century's manufacturing experience.

See this new Lagonda first. It is the last word in mechanical perfection, the acme of car refinement, a revelation in efficiency, setting new and better standards of performance.

Never before has there been attained such a combination of power, silence, and smoothness in one car.

It will be exhibited on

STAND · 134

Avenues P.Q. — Olympia — October 22 - 30

in company with a fine range of the famous Fourteen – Sixty H.P. Lagonda Models.

** Complete details of this wonderful new car will be announced in these pages next week.*

LAGONDA LIMITED - STAINES - MIDDLESEX.

London Service Depot: 195, *Hammersmith Road, W.6.*

Sole London and District Distributors: **EUSTACE WATKINS LTD.**

Retail Showrooms: 91, New Bond Street and 50, Berkeley Street.

Wholesale Showrooms: 91, New Bond Street, London, W.6.

"STUDINGTON" COATS

'An October-to-May necessity giving a June-to-September luxury'

COATS FROM 5½ gns.

STUDD & MILLINGTON LIMITED
SPORTING AND MILITARY TAILORS.

51, CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.
67-69, CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.
81, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.
ABBEY HOUSE, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

SUITS FROM 8 gns.

Quality Tells

Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.
Distillers —— LEITH
Estd. 1863

A beautiful moleskin caped coat from Paris

MOLESKIN is a fur that lends itself particularly well to draping. This lovely caped coat is made from rich supple skins, perfect in colour and texture. It is cut and tailored with such skill that it adapts itself to almost any type of figure. This is a wrap that is suitable for both formal and informal wear. Vickery is selling it at the exceedingly low price of

29 GUINEAS

VICKERY

for fine furs

235 REGENT STREET LONDON W1

There's Safety in Wool!

Pure Wool is without equal as a covering for the human frame. This has been recognised from very early times.

Pure Wool garments, worn next the skin, form virtual insurance policies against ill-health.

By Wool (Nature's own provision) is bodily warmth maintained, clamminess and chill prevented and access afforded to air and to light's invaluable health-giving rays.

"Pesco" Underwear, being Wool in its daintiest, purest and most attractive form, is the choice of those whose paramount concern is for their health as much as of those who place excellence of design, fine workmanship and alluring textures before considerations of hygiene. It is an underwear which enjoys the approval of both taste and common sense.

ASK FOR "PESCO"—SCOTCH AND BEST

Pesco

TRADE MARK

UNSHRINKABLE "PESCO" FINISH

"Pesco" is obtainable from all Drapers and Hosiers in every fashionable underwear shape in Pure Wool (or Silk and Wool) for Ladies, Gentlemen or Children: also in Hosiery and Sports Wear. For Infants and Young Children "Pesco" Baby Wear is recommended. Every garment guaranteed unshrinkable. In case of difficulty write for names of nearest agents.

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. (Dept. 30), HAWICK, SCOTLAND.

D.

DISTINCTIVE AND USEFUL BRIDGE COAT IN CHIFFON VELVET

BRIDGE Coat (*as sketch*) made in rich chiffon velvet, lined fancy chiffon, perfectly cut, double breasted with long roll collar, and two patch pockets. In black, fuchsia, foxglove, purple, rose, powder blue, sapphire.

PRICE

69/6

Outsizes **75/9**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

The day starts well that starts with a

KROPP

A sharp blade and a soothing shave with a Kropp that never wants grinding

In case, black handle, 10/6; Ivory handle 18/-.

From all hairdressers, cutlers stores, etc.

Send postcard for a copy of "Shaver's Kit," Booklet No. 107.

Wholesale only

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1.

Sturdy Leather Coats.

HARRODS Leather Coats are the last word in excellence. They provide complete protection against every form of weather assault, and allow, at the same time, complete freedom of movement. In Harrods new collection are styles for every need at prices for practically every purse.

Leather Coats

Full Chrome 'Slip-on' Coat. Each skin averages 40 inches in length, obviating the necessity of joins. Lined best Camel Fleece with chamois wind cuffs and selvyt pockets. A very full and ample model. Light or dark Tan. **15 gns.**

Similar quality Coat, less ample in fullness and 4 inches shorter in length. **12 gns.**

Lighter weight model. Lined Brown Fleece. **9 gns.**

Leather Jackets

In wood-dyed Golden Brown Persian Leather. This special process of dyeing makes the colour absolutely fast. Leather collar and cuffs replace the knitting in the other models. **£4 - 7 - 6**

With knitted collar and cuffs. **4 gns.**

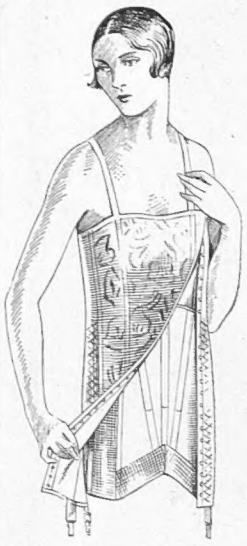
Putty Colour. Persian, with knitted collar & cuffs **£3 - 15 - 0**

Section for Men's Leather Coats—Ground Floor

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON SW1

BIEN JOLIE
FOUNDATION GARMENTS



Send for exclusive Style Book giving the secret of Youthful Modern Chic.

This improved Underbelt Corsette is designed for those needing definite support and control.
Prices from - - **22/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Sent on Approval.

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS
SWISS WINTER SPORTS
ADELBODEN! ADELBODEN!!
The Great Oberland Winter Resort
Ski-ing, Skating, Curling & Tobogganing.

Resorts	Hotels	Journey & 1st week from	Extra weeks from
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ADELBODEN	Beau Site	10 2 6	3 7 6
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CHAMONIX	Carlton	9 12 6	4 17 6
CHAMPERY	Dent du Midi	10 17 0	3 13 0
DISENTIS	Disentiserhof	12 7 6	4 4 0
ENGELBERG	Titlis	10 15 0	3 18 6
KANDERSTEG	Waldrand	10 7 6	3 7 6
LAC DE JOUX	Grand	8 8 0	2 10 6
ST. MORITZ	Belvedere	14 10 6	5 6 6
SILVAPLANA	Engadinerhof	13 15 0	4 10 0
WENGEN	Park	12 9 6	5 1 0

WENGEN! WENGEN!!

The Great Winter Resort for Ski-ing and the gayest all-round sporting centre of the Jungfrau group.

Rooms booked in London; plans of hotels on application. Early booking is advised.

10 Days' Nice Tour . £10.10.0
or 17 Days £12.17.6
17 Days' Nice, San Remo Tour £15. 5.0

All Nice Tours include Motor Tours to Mentone-Monte Carlo, Grasse and Cannes; travel, hotel, meals en route, and escort to Nice.

For Escorted Tours to Paris, Round Italy, Spain, Montreux, Lugano, Italian Lakes, Motor Tours in North Africa, and Cruises to Mediterranean and West Indies, apply—

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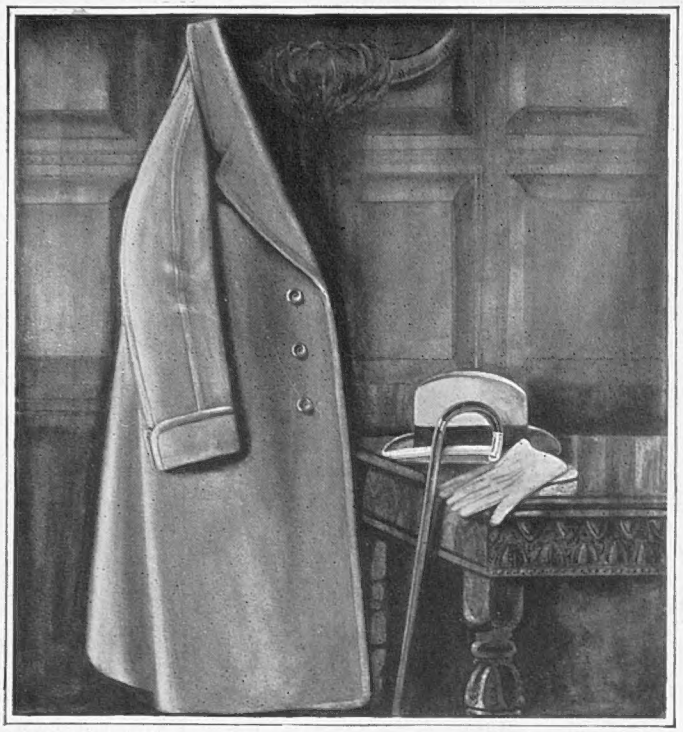


Pyjamas for Chilly Nights

WOOL PYJAMAS (heavy weight) Helio, Sky or Indigo stripes on white grounds. Warm, but will not irritate the skin
Per Suit, 25/-

CEYLON FLANNEL PYJAMAS (medium weight) Will stand the hardest wear and washing. Good stripes in blue or lilac.
Per Suit, 25/-

WOOL PYJAMAS, Superfine quality heavy weight, plain colours or stripes in blue or helio.
Per Suit, 37/6

Overcoat Style *for the* Active Man

IT was difficult to believe when the September sun was establishing heat records that you would ever need an overcoat again. But already it is time to consider that overcoat.

Here is to-day's authentic style, tailored from Royal Ulster Mosse—an all-wool material woven on our own looms in Northern Ireland. This coat combines sufficient warmth for the coldest days with a lightness appreciated by the active man, for it loses nothing of smartness or cut in being of extreme utility.

RAGLAN OVERCOAT, sleeves and shoulders lined satin, two vertical pockets outside. In tan, brown and light and dark grey. Ready-to-wear or made-to-measure. Single Breasted, Double Breasted, 8½ Gns. **7 GNS.**

Patterns and Men's Wear List Sent Free on request.

BY APPOINTMENT

ROBINSON AND CLEAVER
LIMITED
THE LINEN HALL
REGENT STREET LONDON W.1.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES WASH WORRIES.

CASH'S NAMES are the only sure means of marking all linen, personal and household, to prevent loss in the Laundry and elsewhere. They are so easily attached; just a few stitches and they're on.

Woven Marks for Monomark holders in various styles and colours.

CASH'S NAMES

Woven on fine cambric tape in the following fast colours: Red, Black, Green, Gold, Sky and Navy Blue Lettering.

12 dozen (144 names) 5/- **6 dozen** (72 names) 3/9 **3 dozen** (36 names) 2/9

Obtainable from all Drapers and Outfitters at short notice.

SEND A POSTCARD TO-DAY FOR FREE SAMPLE AND LIST OF STYLES.

J. & J. CASH, LTD. (Dept P. 9), COVENTRY.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

CANTILEVER SHOES for COMFORT LOVERS

We are the Sole Agents in the Knightsbridge district for the Cantilever, the Shoe with the flexible arch. Stocked in 6 different widths to every half size.

Cantilever Oxford in Tan Willow Calf. Also in Black Box Calf and Black Glacé Kid Fittings AA, A, B, C, D.
PRICE **45/-**

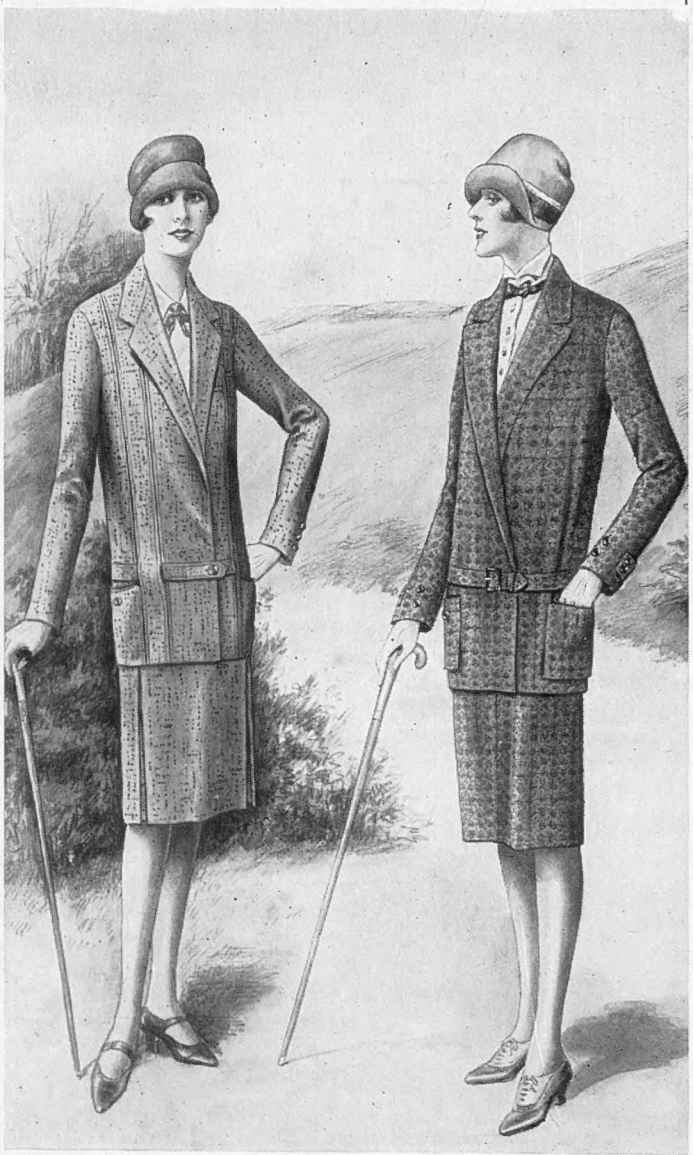
Cantilever 2-Bar in Black Satin, suitable for house, evening or light walking Satin guaranteed. Fittings AA, A, B, C, D. Also Glacé, Patent and Tan Calf.
PRICE **45/-**

Cantilever 2-Bar in Brown Crocodile, made from the finest selected skins Fittings AA, A, B, C, D.
PRICE **65/-**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

PETER ROBINSON

Autumn Tailor-Mades



139 140

139.—Coat and Skirt made in Norfolk style, in Bannockburn Tweed, coat lined throughout with silk. Colours: orange, oak or beige. Sizes S.W. and W.

7 Gns.

140.—Coat and Skirt in Scotch Homespun, with belt, suitable for country wear. Coat lined throughout with silk. Ample pockets in coat and skirt. Colours: mixtures of tan or russet. Sizes S.W. and W.

9 Gns.

Catalogue of Autumn Fashions sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd. OXFORD ST., & REGENT ST, W.1.

The business of the
INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE
is now being carried on at
OXFORD CIRCUS, REGENT ST.
(*Adjoining* JAY'S—*as sketch*).

A whole-skin animal-shape Tie composed of a natural Red-Fox skin with mounted head, paws and fine bushy tail. This garment represents exceptionally good value. A magnificent selection in stock. From **£6 15s.**

FURS MAY BE HAD ON APPROVAL

The INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE
OXFORD CIRCUS
REGENT ST. W.1
NEXT DOOR TO JAYS

A SPECIAL show is now being made of attractive coats in the less expensive pelts, ranging in price from £21 upwards. These charming creations reflect that inimitable "chic" always associated with this House, and are made from skins carrying an unconditional guarantee.

FURS RENOVATED AND REMODELLED.

SELFRIDGE'S

Can they face a British Winter?

According to the weather prophets, the present dull Autumn will be followed by a typically British winter. It is fairly certain that we shall not lack variety! The most pressing matter is to be sure that children shall not be exposed to danger through these changes.

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

Chilprufe clothes the body in warm air, so that no matter what they do or where they go, there is no possibility of chill or discomfort. Its beautiful Pure Wool fabric, finely, evenly knitted, is finished by a secret process which keeps it silky to the skin and extends the life of the garment.

The all-round better service from Chilprufe is so widely conceded that we advise you to see our stock for yourself. The cut and finish are charming and faultless. By coming now you may rely upon finding any garment you may need—night wear as well as day wear, for babies, girls and boys—in all the many sizes made.

CHILPRUFE OUTER WEAR.

Also, ask to see the Chilprufe Outer Wear for young children. Attractive woollen suits (boys' and girls') in beautiful smart shades and original designs.

Enquire for ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

Children's Woven Underwear Dept.: Ground Floor, Aisle 19.

SELFRIDGE & Co., Ltd.,
OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

MATERNITY GOWNS & COATS.

ECIRUAM Maternity Gowns are unique in that they are exceedingly practical and most successfully fulfil a purpose without seeming to do so.

NEW MODELS FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER

153. This attractive fringed Gown is in Satin Marocain slightly embroidered at waist line - - - 7½ Gns.

Satin Beaute - 8 Gns.

Chiffon Velvet - 8½ Gns.

Can be worn over Georgette Underslip with long sleeves if desired - - 2½ Gns.

147. Useful Gown in Silk and Wool Marocain with Collar and Tie of Georgette in contrasting colour - - 4½ Gns.

Crepe de Chine - 5½ Gns.

Wool Marocain - 4½ Gns.

Patterns free on request.

153

Write for New Season's Fashion List, Free.

ECIRUAM LIMITED

147

Close to Bond Street Station.

GOWN MAKERS & LADIES' TAILORS,

43 SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W. 1.

RELIABLE STOCKINGS

K 166. Dependable quality British made Ribbed, Spun Silk. In nude, beige, fawn, grey, black, and white. Per pair 12/9

K 2. Our noted "Maximum" Silk Holeproof, wear guaranteed. In shades of nude, dark nude, beige, putty, biscuit, fawn, pearl, sand, flesh, silver rose, tinsel silver, bois de rose, light grey, medium grey, banana, black and white. Per pair 6/11
3 pairs for 20/-

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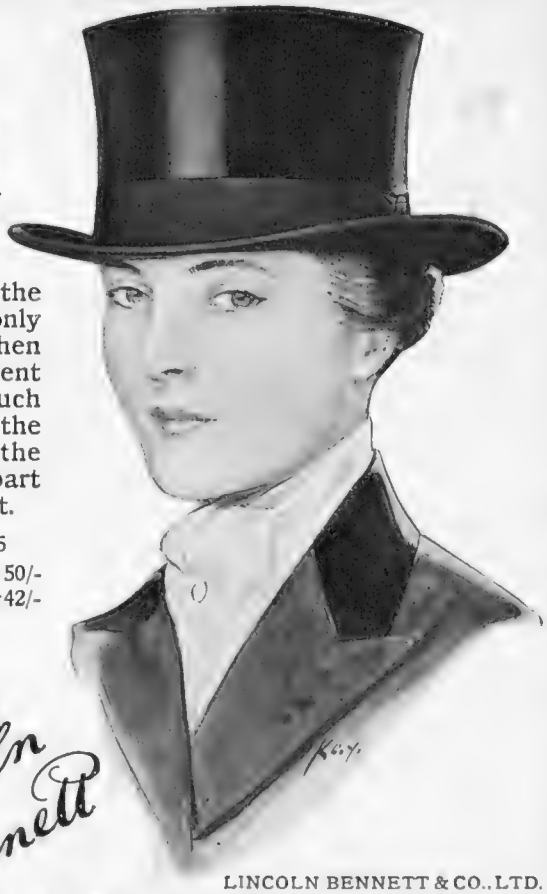

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SANITAS FLUID

The Bystander, October 13, 1926 No. 1191. Vol. XCII.

The BYSTANDER

SMOKE DREAMS

BY GILBERT RUMBOLD

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A Constant War

A CONSTANT war is waged between man and the elements, from the light skirmish when some jolly fellow sails a small boat round the Foreland on a Saturday afternoon to the big engagement when Vesuvius decides to break into eruption. It is an interesting, if one-sided, conflict, and we hold our own under considerable difficulties.

In Kindly Mood

THIS war with the elements has occupied the world stage with a vengeance during the past few weeks. There have been some terrifying encounters and although Man has scored valuable points, he has not come out of them unscathed. The past summer has been notable for the number of times that the Channel has been swum, but on top of these successes came the ghastly reminder from Florida that we exist on sufferance, and can only compete with Nature when she is in kindly mood.

A Triumphant Trek

NO sooner has Sir Alan Cobham completed his triumphant trek to Australia and back, than a French air-liner crashes in a Kentish meadow turning the smiling countryside into a holocaust. I do not recall these tragedies in ghoulish mood. We should accept them in a spirit of humility, and realise that in spite of our rather spectacular successes we may not be such supermen after all.

A Mimic War

BUT this BYSTANDER must not take the world and its troubles too seriously. Let us turn to the mimic war that is being waged between Bloomsbury and Covent Garden. The objective of this struggle is the site of the Foundling Hospital, and the funny part of it is that while Covent Garden does not wish to carry the position, Bloomsbury is girding her loins against the problematical onslaughts of a not too enthusiastic foe.

A Splendid Thing

THE financiers who control the destinies of Covent Garden and of the Foundling Hospital site think it would be a splendid thing to transfer the great fruit market to more convenient Bloomsbury. The idea seems a good one. But, apparently, Covent Garden doesn't want to be transferred, and Bloomsbury doesn't want the fruit market. There has even been formed a Foundling Estate Protection Association, of which Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson is President. And so we have a gallant force defending a position which, as I say, the enemy rank and file seem in no mind to occupy.

A Comic Quarrel

I DO not propose to enter into the rights and wrongs of this comic quarrel. It is quite certain that Covent Garden is hopelessly congested, and I can't see how it can be extended unless we produce our operas at some convenient picture palace and send the National Sporting Club to Brixton. But this is only one side of the question. The lodgers of Bloomsbury who occupy all those third-floor-backs in which Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has a sort of vested interest, may object to the smell of onions. And why should the fears of Bloomsbury be made to flow unnecessarily. Why should they weep—and echo answers "Why?"

Cultured and Courteous

A HEFTY attack on the B.B.C. has been launched by a gentleman who was not unconnected, at one time, with that wide-flung organisation. He describes it as a machine without a Soul, but whether he looks upon himself as the missing organ, I couldn't say. He very rightly pays a tribute to the administrative and engineering side,

By Blam

EDGED TOOLS

British Manufacturer: "Why ever did "Gillette" them do it, Stanley?"

but refers to the young gentlemen who control the programmes as "cultured and courteous amateurs"—than which a more devastating criticism could not be made.

Worth a Guinea

These "amateurs," he claims, are out of sympathy with the "delicately-poised outlook of the artist." Dear me! I had supposed that the quarrel was much more material in character, for I, myself, have been paid as much for a sketch as famous pills are said to be worth a box.

For Social Purposes

The old type of razor was never considered as a standard weapon of defence in the Army, but according to tradition and the American comic press, it has for generations been very popular among negroes in settling family disputes. One of my friends is fond of relating the story of a big coloured gentleman with a fierce look in his eye who entered a village store somewhere down in Carolina and said he wanted to buy a good razor. "Sure," said the store-keeper, "I've just got a fresh consignment of the very latest thing in safety razors, the best value on the market."

"Say, dat don' intrest me a-tall," replied the negro, "I want dis yer razor for *social* purposes!"

Tangled Skeins!

Dear me! Dear me! Dear all of us! Mr. Bernard Shaw, or so my morning paper asserts, has not used soap on his face for fifty years. But surely it is a matter for speculation whether Mr. Shaw has a face or no! Frequently, in the Adelphi, I have met a lounge suit, bagging slightly at the knees, surmounted by a paling ginger beard, but of face—beyond those apple cheeks—no sign! As the poet sang:—

> What tangled skeins we gaze upon!
> Take Mr. Shaw and Mr. John:
> Each has a face, and yet somehow
> We haven't seen it up till now.

Conservative Creatures

It is rumoured that a new coat for men's evening wear will shortly be placed upon the market. It may be, but unless the changes are very slight it won't be seen at Ciro's or the Midnight Follies. Men are conservative creatures in the matter of dress, and, now I come to think of it, that has been said before.

The Sort of Coat

The man who embarks on a new scheme of personal attire is either a dude or a very brave man. Either he is prompted by considerations with which the chorus gent. is chiefly concerned, or he is prepared to back his opinion that a more comfortable garb has appeared on the sartorial horizon. I know a certain artist who wears the sort of coat that never was seen on sea or land, and I marvel in his pluck.

Those Inventors!

Inventions are crowding upon us with such speed and regularity that very soon we shall be seriously put out unless the morning paper announces the day's invention along with the weather forecast. I am moved to speak in this wise since hearing the new "Panatrope," which, it is claimed, is to revolutionise the reproduction of sound in regard to the gramophone and wireless. Be that as it may, the "Panatrope" certainly achieves that which it sets out to do with complete success.

A Novel Advertisement

Travellers by the escalator at the Bond Street Station of the Central London Railway will have been duly impressed by the very interesting example of modern mural decoration carried out by Messrs. A. and F. Pears, who are to be congratulated on a delightfully original improvement of an important public amenity. Is it too much to hope that this new idea will be further developed until the actual tunnel between stations is brought into line?

A Further Suggestion

Here is a suggestion for some enterprising national advertiser: Let a series of progressive pictures, such as one finds on a reel of cinematograph film, be painted throughout the entire length of the tunnel. The movement of the train would convert the railway into an up-to-date picture palace, for all we should have to do would be to sit and watch the panorama unfolding before our eyes. I make no charge for the suggestion.

Out With the Belvoir

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Topical

Photographed at his first day's outing of the season with the Belvoir. This took place at Freeby Woods, Melton Mowbray. The Prince will make the Craven Lodge Club, Melton Mowbray, his headquarters for the season

A KNIGHT OF THE AIR *L.N.A.*

A photograph of Sir Alan and Lady Cobham, taken at the conclusion of the famous airman's Australian flight. The K.B.E. conferred on Sir Alan is the seventh to be bestowed for services to aviation

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Return of the Court

THE King and Queen's autumn holiday at Balmoral is over, and the Court returned to Buckingham Palace last Friday. Their Majesties are expected to pay a visit to Sandringham, where all the alterations have now been practically completed, before the great State banquet they are giving early in November to the Overseas and Dominions Premiers, most of whom have already arrived for the Imperial Conference. Rumour has it that vital questions touching upon the relations between the Mother Country, the Dominions, and the Dependencies will be settled at the Conference.

Disloyalty and Bad Taste

IT is a long time since I have heard such general protest and indignation which is being voiced everywhere touching Mr. H. G. Wells's reference to the King in the second volume of his book, *The World of William Clissold*.

An author cannot be held responsible for the opinions of his characters, any more than he can be held responsible for their actions. Opinions and actions are part of his craft in character creation: they are part of his story. For this reason when a character in a novel indulges in a long diatribe against monarchy as exemplified by the diverting and holding up of traffic for royal processions, you take it as the author's presentation of a particular type. But when this same character speaks of the King as being "worthy, conscientious, entirely unmeaning and uninteresting," characterisation no longer exists. The author himself is speaking because he has put a personal opinion into the mouth of an imaginary person.

It is so easy for brilliant writers like Mr. Wells to sit in the seat of judgment, but how can Mr. Wells know anything about the King? All sorts of doors are set wide open to talent such as his, but, so far, I've not heard of any door being opened to Mr. Wells that would have given him the opportunity of meeting the King. If I am right, therefore, he has penned this sentence in ignorance. On occasions Mr. Wells has poured fire from his pen on newspapers which he considered had misrepresented him. Yet he himself, it would appear, has not hesitated to misrepresent the Sovereign—a state of affairs which could be dismissed as childish if it were not so harmful. That is why your Bystander and many, many others raise their voices in protest.

DIPLOMACY AFLOAT *P. and A.*

Sir Austen Chamberlain and Signor Mussolini photographed in a moment of relaxation on board the yacht off Leghorn in which they held conversations, about which great secrecy has been observed. Lady Chamberlain is seated next to Signor Mussolini

Sport and General

BACK IN ENGLAND

Lord and Lady Byng photographed at Waterloo Station on their return from Canada. Lord Byng has been succeeded as Governor-General of the Dominion by Lord Willingdon

The Flight of a Princess

I HAVE seen it stated that when the Duke and Duchess of York go into residence at 145, Piccadilly, on their return from Australia in the Spring, they will be the first Royal folk to live in a house with a number and not a name. But this is a mistake.

A former Duke of York, the second son of George III, after a series of financial difficulties which culminated in the horses he and his equerry and his groom were riding being seized for debt by sheriffs' officers as they alighted at the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, had a house in Connaught Square. That house had only a number.

Then about the same time the wife of George IV—then Prince Regent—lived in Connaught Place, likewise with only a number to her front door. It was to this house that Princess Charlotte, the only child of that ill marriage, fled in 1814 from Warwick House, close to St. James's Park, when her father told her that all her attendants were to be turned away and replaced by strangers. This was because she had refused to marry the heir to the Dutch throne.

Princess Charlotte was a woman of spirit. Directly her infuriated father, supported by the Bishop of Salisbury, told her of the change he was making in her household she "clapped a bonnet on her head, ran into the street, hailed a hackney coach at Charing Cross, and drove off to her mother's house in Connaught Place."

Society was aghast. Never before had a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland driven in a hackney coach! The heads of the Government, members of the Royal Family, Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, all went, one after the other—a procession of envoys—to the house in Connaught Place, trying to induce the Princess to return to Warwick House. Finally, at two o'clock in the morning, after hours of "persuasions, entreaties, and refusals," the Princess, "kicking and bouncing," gave way, and was escorted back to Warwick House by her uncle, the Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Chief Justice. What a history! In these days it is difficult to believe it possible.

ON THE STEPS *Brit. Illus.*

The Hon. Michael Knatchbull, the son of Lord Brabourne, with Lady Doreen Knatchbull and their two sons, Norton Cecil Michael and John Ulick, visited by the photographer at Mersham le Hatch, Ashford. Lady Doreen Knatchbull is the daughter of the 6th Marquess of Sligo

"Came with the Conqueror"

WHEN the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin stayed with Viscount and Viscountess Downe last week at Wykeham Abbey for the Conservative Conference at Scarborough they were the guests of one of the few families who can truthfully say that they "came over with the Conqueror"

Lord Downe descends directly from a Norman knight, and under the Anglicised name of Dawnay his family has been settled at Wykeham since the time of Edward III. They were given the Irish viscounty of Downe by Charles II. An English barony conferred by George III expired with the fifth Viscount, but was conferred again on the late Lord Downe, and is now held by the present peer, who sits in the House of Lords as Baron Dawnay.

Lord Downe's father died two years ago, leaving nearly a quarter of a million. He lived at Dingley Hall, near Market Harborough. Lord Downe, however, preferred the ancestral home at Wykeham Abbey, and sold the place in Leicestershire.

The Second Will

A CURIOUS story of a will has just been made public. Twenty-one years ago the

Photo Illus.

FIGHTING OUT THE FINAL

Miss Molly Gourlay (left) and Miss E. Corlett, who were the finalists in the English Women's Golf Championship. The winner was Miss Gourlay, by 6 and 4

BEFORE "ZERO HOUR" *Sport and General*

The photographer's "shot" of the competitors in the English Women's Golf Championship Meeting before the competition opened on the Woodhall Spa links. An interesting feature of the meeting was the "discovery" of Miss Corlett, who reached the final with Miss Gourlay

Alfieri

LADY DORCHESTER, MISS VILLIERS and LADY VICTORIA VILLIERS

A SHOW-DAY AT SONNING

The camera's record of onlookers and competitors at the Wokingham and District Agricultural Show at Sonning

Alfieri

LADY ST. JOHN-MILDMAY MRS. SCOTT MURRAY and MRS. ST. JOHN-MILDMAY

Special Press

MISS D. CARLYON TWEEDY WITH HECTOR

second Lord Inverclyde died, leaving everything to his widow. But a few weeks later, whilst Lady Inverclyde was going through some of her husband's papers which he had left in a handbag in his room at the office of G. and J. Burns, the big shipowning firm in Glasgow, of which he was a member, she found a later will written on three separate sheets of paper, only one of which was signed. Lady Inverclyde at once handed the second will to the solicitors. Some doubt arose as to the validity of this will, which made very different arrangements from the first, but finally a friendly arrangement was made by which Lady Inverclyde was to receive the income from a sum of £200,000 which the second will directed was to be paid to the Merchants' House of Glasgow for the benefit of distressed seamen in certain localities in Scotland, England, Ireland and America, preference to be given to those who had been in the service of the Cunard Company or of G. and J. Burns, Limited.

Lady Inverclyde married General Sir Archibald Hunter, and her death now places the income from the £200,000 at the disposal of the Mercants' House for what will be called the Inverclyde Bequest for Seamen.

The second Lord Inverclyde, whose grandfather was the originator of the Cunard Line, was an uncle of the present peer.

A Veteran

LAST week that veteran hunter, Lord North, celebrated his ninetieth birthday. Until twenty-four years ago Lord North, I believe, had never missed a hunting season since he was a boy, and for years was a familiar figure with the Warwickshire. Then he met with an accident which prevented him from riding. But Lord North did not give up his hunting. He started a pack of Basset hounds at Wroxton Abbey, his place near Banbury, which have now become one of the attractions in the district.

Basset hounds are not usual in England. They are used chiefly for hunting hares, and give excellent sport for those who cannot ride or cannot afford the costly pleasure of fox-hunting. Both Lord North and his eldest daughter, the Hon. Mrs. FitzGerald, are good judges of hounds.

Early this year, when the King was thinning out the large number of dogs Queen Alexandra kept at Sandringham, his Majesty presented Lord North with a couple of Basset hounds for the Wroxton Abbey pack.

The Bottles and the Barrel

THE scene was the dining-room of an Italian hotel of the smaller order. An English visitor, who had been staying there for some time,

Special Press

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Lord North, who recently celebrated his 80th birthday, greeted by some enthusiastic members of his pack of Basset hounds. On his birthday he was out with hounds at Wroxton

decided one day to make a change in the white wine he had been drinking. After consulting the wine-card and the head waiter he chose another white wine which was several *lire* dearer than the other. When the wine was brought a small American boy, sitting opposite, observed in a shrill, high voice heard all over the room:

"Say, you needn't have bothered to change your wine! I was playing in the cellar yesterday. They've got a big barrel down there, and rows of bottles with different labels. They were filling them all from the barrel. I saw them do it!"

The hotel people were so angry that the boy and his mother were asked to leave.

Alfieri

BEAGLING IN THE NEW FOREST

Mr. K. Gladstone, the Master, and Major Shaw-Hamilton, photographed at the opening meet of the New Forest Beagles. Hounds met at Furse Lawn Cross Roads, Lyndhurst

Sport and General

WITH A PRIVATE PACK

Lt.-Col. Elwes (left) with Lord Bathurst, M.F.H., at a meet of Lt.-Col. Elwes's private pack of foxhounds. The meet took place at Park Corner, near Sapperton

Concerning Various Millions

THE fortunes made in tobacco and in the manufacture of cotton thread are positively startling.

To begin with tobacco. Seven members of the Wills tobacco family of Bristol have died in the last seventeen years, each, with one exception, a millionaire. And the one exception, Sir Edward Wills, was only £50,000 or so below the million. The rest had nothing less than two millions and a good deal over. There was one fortune of five millions and another of three millions.

The latest Wills fortune, of close upon two millions, has been left by Mrs. Hamilton-Fellows, the daughter of the late Sir Frederick Wills, and the mother of the Countess of Kinnoull, who is the residuary legatee.

Lady Kinnoull was married only three years ago to Lord Kinnoull. She was then nineteen, and he was twenty-one. This summer he went bankrupt, and in his public examination said that for eighteen months before his failure he had been a director in a motor engineering firm, and was no longer living with his wife.

The total sum represented by these six wills is close upon eighteen and a half millions of money.

The Coats family, who own the cotton thread manufactory of Ferguslie at Paisley, have even a larger number of millionaires. Seven of them have left fortunes of over a million, and to these you must add Lord

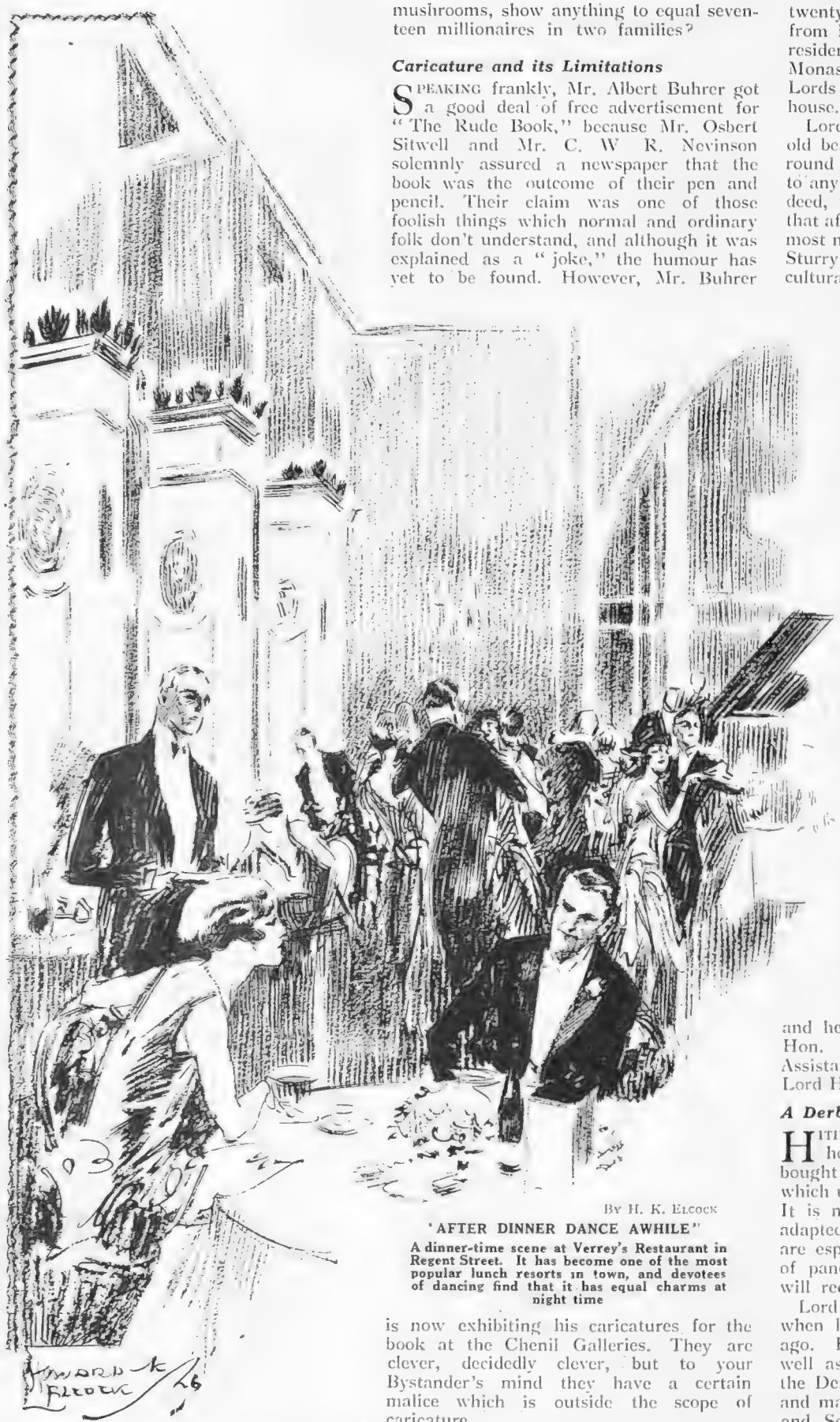
AT THE COVERT SIDE *Topical*

Major and Mrs. Viccars, photographed when out with the Quorn, waiting for hounds to draw The meet was held at Billesdon, Coplow

Photo Illus.

IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING

The opening meet of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles at Brockham Green, near Dorking. The weather on this opening day proved to be perfect in fact, it was, if anything, a little too perfect for the comfort of those following hounds



By H. K. Elcock

'AFTER DINNER DANCE AWHILE"

A dinner-time scene at Verrey's Restaurant in Regent Street. It has become one of the most popular lunch resorts in town, and devotees of dancing find that it has equal charms at night time

Glentanar—a millionaire four times over—Sir Stuart Coats, Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, Mr. William Coats, the Chairman of the Coats Company, and the late Mr. W. A. Coats, who died recently. That makes eleven millionaires in one family. The Coats go one better than the Wills in that the total family wealth is estimated at something like twenty-five millions.

Can America, where millionaires grow like French beans or tomatoes, or even mushrooms, show anything to equal seventeen millionaires in two families?

Caricature and its Limitations

Speaking frankly, Mr. Albert Buhrer got a good deal of free advertisement for "The Rude Book," because Mr. Osbert Sitwell and Mr. C. W. R. Nevinson solemnly assured a newspaper that the book was the outcome of their pen and pencil. Their claim was one of those foolish things which normal and ordinary folk don't understand, and although it was explained as a "joke," the humour has yet to be found. However, Mr. Buhrer is now exhibiting his caricatures for the book at the Chenil Galleries. They are clever, decidedly clever, but to your Bystander's mind they have a certain malice which is outside the scope of caricature.

Mr. Buhrer, the "Tell" of "The Rude Book," has a mastery of line, and obviously he has made a close study of Gillray and his contemporaries. But there is a bitterness in his pencil which checks the smile or laugh that a caricature should bring as naturally as a good joke.

Sturry Court

When the late Viscount Milner bought Sturry Court, near Canterbury, some twenty years or so ago, the house had fallen from its former high estate as a summer residence of the Abbots of St. Augustine's Monastery, and, later, the home of the Lords Strangford. It had become a farmhouse.

Lord Milner restored the house to its old beautiful condition, and made gardens round about it that were a joy and a delight to anybody who cares about gardens. Indeed, they were so exceptionally beautiful that after Lord Milner's death it seemed the most natural thing for Lady Milner to offer Sturry and its gardens to the Royal Horticultural Society. Unfortunately the Society could find no use for the house or garden, and was therefore obliged to refuse the generous offer.

Lady Milner has now offered Sturry to the King's School at Canterbury, a gift which has been gratefully accepted. In future the boys on the Junior side of the school will be housed at Sturry instead of in the Precincts at Canterbury Cathedral.

Lord Milner, one of the greatest of our proconsuls, lived at Sturry Court for nineteen years, and as the Dean of Canterbury says in making public acknowledgment of Lady Milner's gift, "To-day Sturry Court speaks of a great servant of England and of the Dominions for and in which he worked." And the Dean hopes that "in the part it has now to play as a portion of an English public school it may strengthen the bonds between ourselves and the Dominions, train new servants of the nation and Empire, and inspire them with equally lofty ideals of the public good."

Lady Milner, whose generosity will give a splendid atmosphere to the early days of boys at the King's School, is a daughter of the late Admiral Maxse, and a sister of Mr. Leo Maxse, the editor of the *National Review*. Her first husband was the Marquess of Salisbury's uncle, Lord Edward Cecil. She lost her only son in the War, and her only daughter is married to the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, the King's Assistant Private Secretary, and the heir to Lord Hardinge of Penshurst.

A Derby Winner

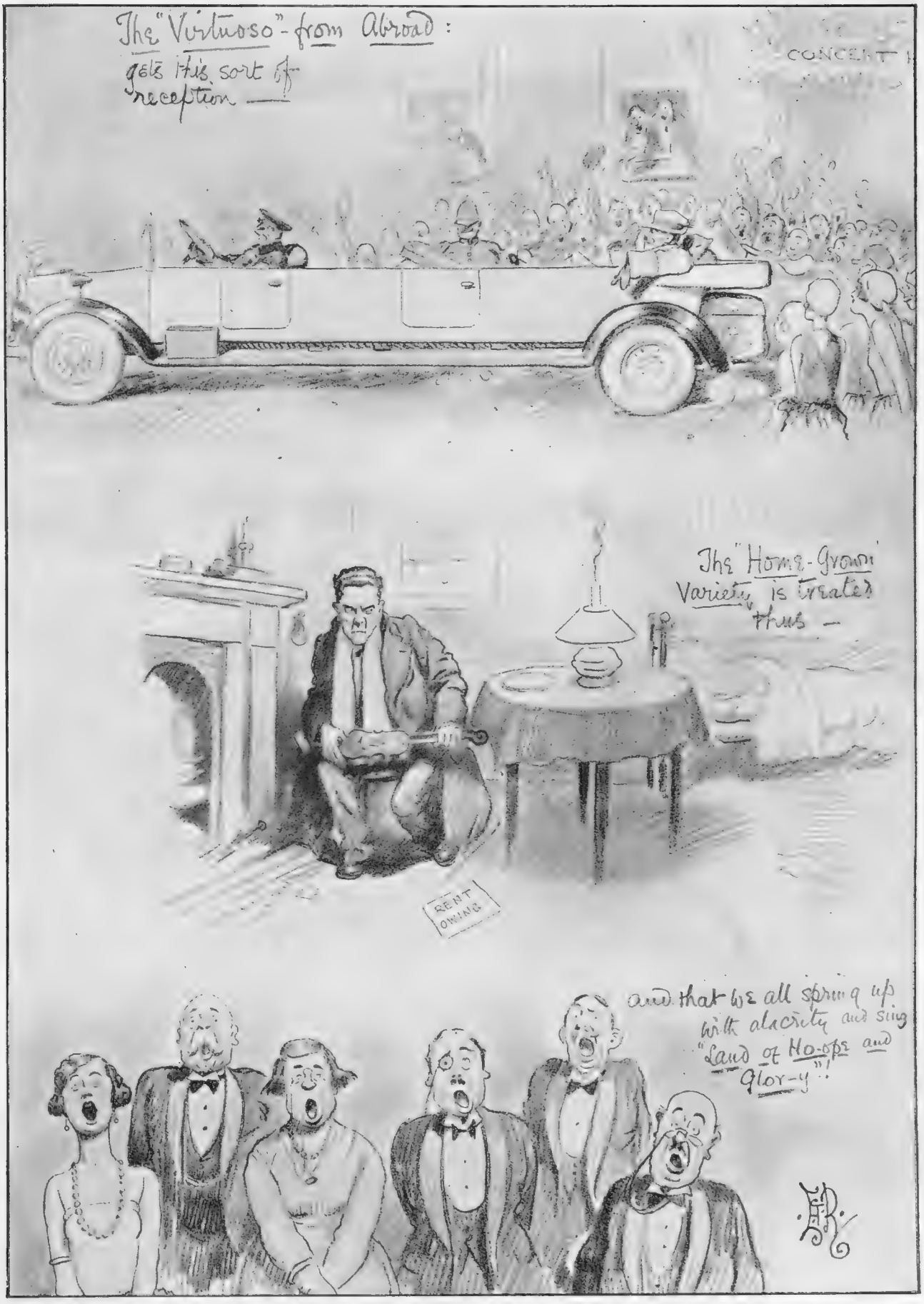
Hitherto Lord Glanely has not had a house in London, but he has now bought the house in Hill Street, Mayfair, which used to belong to Sir Stuart Samuel. It is not a large house, but is especially adapted for entertaining. The decorations are especially fine, there being a quantity of panelling, and I should imagine they will require no alteration.

Lord Glanely was Sir William Tatem when he received his peerage eight years ago. He is a great shipping magnate as well as an owner of racehorses, winning the Derby in 1919. Although his shipping and manifold other interests are in Cardiff and South Wales, Lord Glanely has no residence in the Principality.

A Correction

We regret that, through a photographic error, the subject of a photograph published in our issue of July 21, 1926, was incorrectly described as the Crown Prince of Siam. We have since been informed that the photograph is of Mr. M. C. Samorabamtherng, son of the late Admiral Commanding Royal Siamese Naval Forces, who is a midshipman in H.M.S. *Revenge*.

Why Is It That —



BY E. T. REED

It is becoming evident that the best way to succeed as a musician in England is to be born somewhere else

Engagements and a Wedding

MISS MARY MARJORIBANKS ASKEW *Lafayette*

Whose engagement is announced to Mr. John C. Blencowe Cookson, of the Life Guards. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Askew, of Ladykirk, Berwickshire

MISS JOAN CAULFEILD

The only daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. F. W. Caulfeild. She is to marry Lieut. L. E. Porter, R.N.

MISS OLGA KING-HALL *Bassano*

The elder daughter of Admiral Sir George King-Hall and Lady King-Hall, of Quinton Castle, Portaferry, Co. Down. She is to marry Mr. Alister McLeod, whose name is well known in the athletic world

A WEDDIN

A group taken after the marriage at St. Patrick's Catholic Cathedral, Poona, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. G. P. Lawrenson. The photograph shows: Standing, the Ve Lawrenson, and the Rev. Father Alborghetti, S.J. Seated are Lt.-Col. Lawrens with Miss Fowler and Mast

of the Autumn Season

Hay Wrightson

MISS ANN TEMPLE-GORE-LANGTON

Daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Chandos Temple-Gore-Langton. She is engaged to Mr. Peter Bathurst

MISS PHYLLIS MURIEL THURSTON *Lafayette*

The only daughter of Sir George and Lady Thurston, of Greenford Hall, Middlesex. She is engaged to Mr. Edward Dacre Lacy, the son of Captain E. E. Lacy, C.B., R.N., and Mrs. Lacy

IN INDIA *Topical*

Mr. Colin W. Weeden, R.A.F., and Miss Gladys F. M. Lawrenson, the elder daughter of Rev. Father Ricklen, S.J., Capt. D. Brown, the bridegroom, the bride, Miss Doris (left), Lady Walker, Mrs. Lawrenson, and Lt.-Gen. Sir C. W. G. Richardson, K.C.B. Bobbie Palmer in front

MISS WINIFRED LEVY *Hay Wrightson*

Second daughter of the late Major Walter H. Levy, D.S.O., and Mrs. Levy, whose engagement to Lieutenant Richard P. Jessel, R.N., was recently announced. Lieutenant Jessel is the second son of the late Mr. Albert H. Jessel, K.C., and Mrs. Jessel

RUGGER REACTIONS

HEAT BUMPS

By "PENDARVES"

THERE is something very odd and unsuitable about sitting through a Rugger match on a blazing hot summer afternoon, puckering up one's eyes and undoing one's waistcoat, and all that sort of thing. But so it was on the afternoon when, at any rate, the London Rugger season opened properly, and the Scottish came, saw, and were conquered by the Harlequins—without much credit to either side, by the way.

You cannot expect men who have not yet shaken off the sloth of summer to disport themselves frightfully creditably on the footer field during a species of heat wave, so we will leave that part of it at *that*.

But can anyone tell me just what manner of man it is who stands on the concrete slopes at Twickenham—or any other Rugger ground for that matter—and continues at brief intervals to say "Now *come* on, 'Quins," more to himself than to the sweating men fifty or sixty yards away from him? And where does he want them to come to, when they are already leading by 17 points?

Has he a blood relation playing? Not likely. Has he ever punted or passed a Rugger ball? Most unlikely—except when one came over from a field on to some roadway he was treading. Would he bear the heat and burden of a scrum or a loose maul if he could? Not he. But still, I suppose, every club likes to have their supporters on the touch line. Except, of course, the Scotch clubs away up in the North there, who tell me they are not concerned in any way with the public, whom they abhor—h'm!

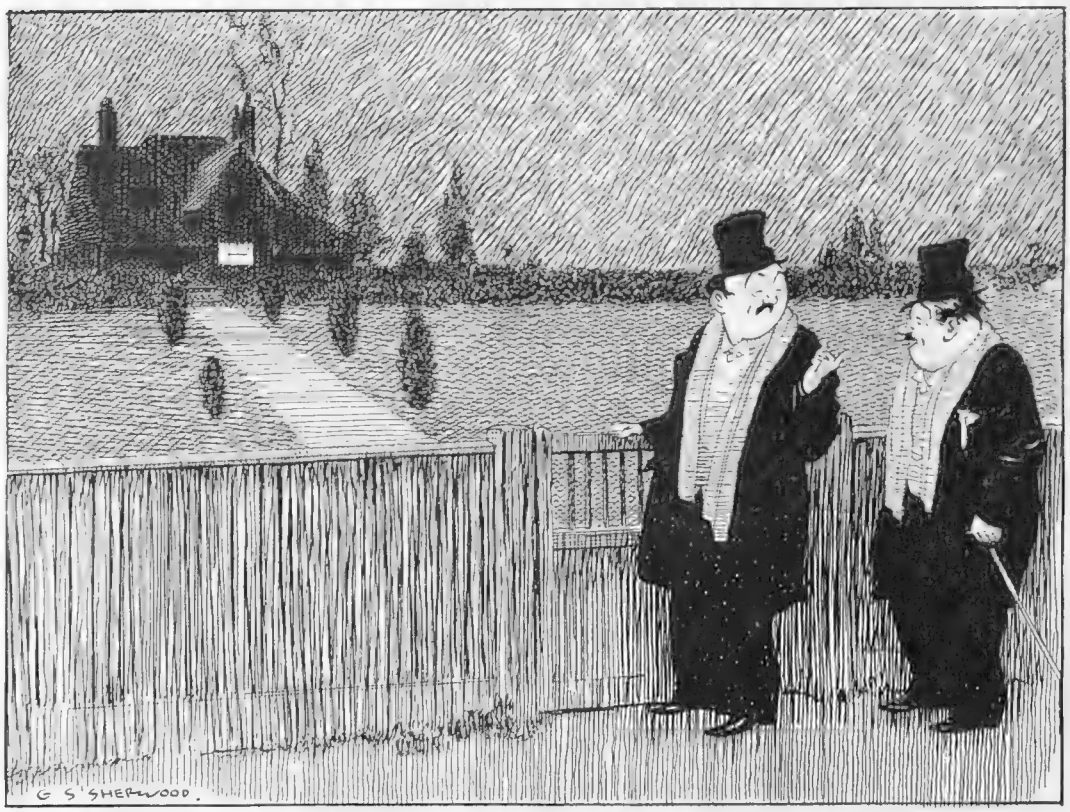
However, we stood our heat bumps with astonishing fortitude on that day. We had a man next to us in the stand who preached the gospel of the game to us with all the vigour and invective of a John Knox. He said, *inter alia* and with a funereal solemnity, that "to win matches you *must* have an attack—it is not a bit o' good *talking*" (We could have told him that!) Now is not that an extraordinarily interesting remark? So original, I mean. Opens up a new line of thought entirely, doesn't it? A sombre man behind me, who worked England's scrum years ago, leaned forward at this point and asked the Oracle where he was at school? He told us he had been "educated privately." To which, much to my astonishment and regret, the old International said, "Well, I hope you'll be buried publicly, and soon." Chastened, we turned our eyes once more to the—er—may I say, game?

Awfully interesting and enjoyable at the beginning of a season to watch the old stars (having been rubbed up to a glitter once again) twinkling on what I saw described on Sunday morning as "the vivid green verdure of the perfect turf" I got a gulp in the throat on reading that—or was it the early morning tea? Are "Wakers" and Dicky Wicks and Gibbs and Davies (V. G., not W. J. A.—he has gone, unfortunately) *ever* going to give up the game? I see no signs of it.

"Wakers" got the ball once (only once!) out of a loose how-do-you-do, and was off, with all that old dash and deadliness. He reminds me more than ever this season of a battle cruiser cleared for action. He won't like this: but I hope he will forgive. And one can't even in these early days visualise any other personality taking England's XV on to the field again four times this season—I always connect him in my mind, and always shall, with one typical picture that flicked across my vision. Swansea. Wales and England scrapping in the mud. Fists and deep feeling. A Welsh forward emerging from a maul, miles away from the ball. A left hook at "Wakers's" jaw. Received mutely, almost unconsciously, it seemed to me "Wakers" merely looked at him, picked up his scrum cap, and carried on as usual. It was the look that I remember, and always shall.

The stars get thicker in the girth, that is all. Hamilton Wickes is bigger, and a shade slower. So is Johnny Chick (it is all this heavy aviation in light machines during the summer months). But he is not slower—on the contrary. Men rag him about not shoving in the scrum—but a winger has not much time to shove at the back of scrums. He is out and away almost as soon as he is in. Bitterly disappointed I shall be if this very brainy player does not get capped for England (he does not want to play for Wales) this year; his last before R.A.F. service overseas takes him from our Rugger grounds.

However, we shall see. And meanwhile, I am going to the Glasgow Derby, and that *will* be fun.



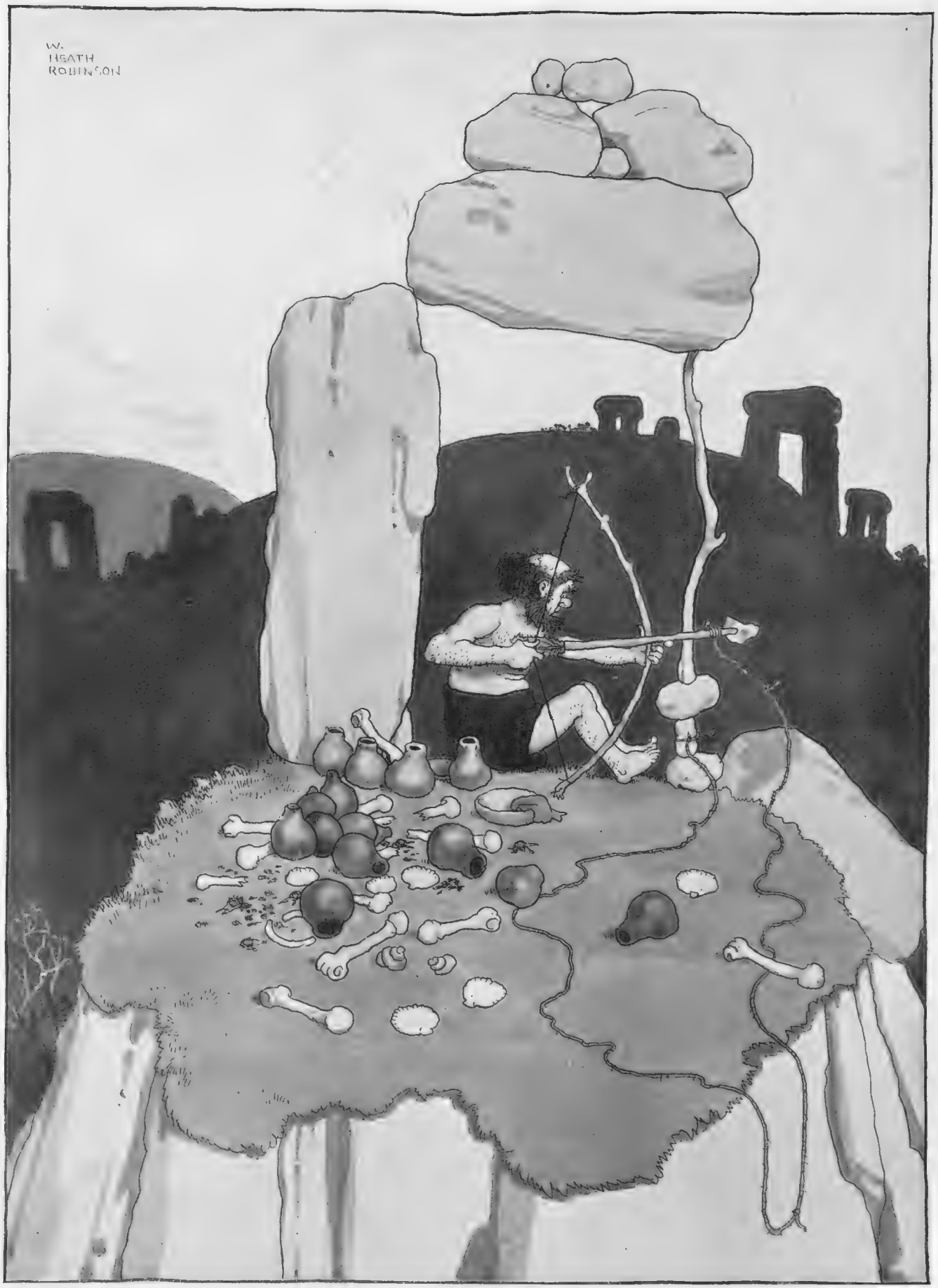
By G. S. Sherwood

A BAD MIXTURE TO SWALLOW!

"Now, remember! We've been to the cinema to see Harold Cobham swimming the Channel!"

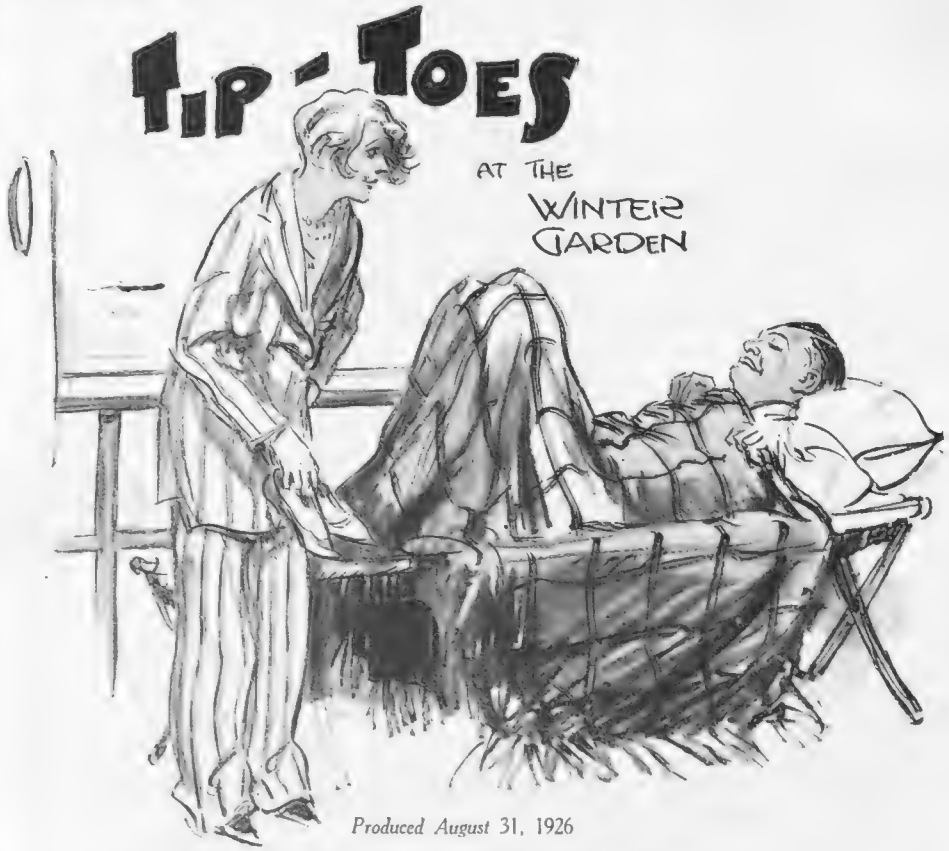
"By-laws and Laws of the Game, 1926-1927," published with the authority of the Rugby Football Union, is an admirable *vade mecum* to followers of Rugby football. Copies, 6d. each or 8d. post free, may be obtained from the R.F.U., Twickenham.

A Striking Cure



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A desperate but effective remedy for a sick headache sometimes resorted to on the "morning after" in the pre-aspirin period of the Stone Age



Produced August 31, 1926

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is a very lively entertainment, with a charming heroine, two or three comedians, and several kinds of American music. Add to the mixture, as the cookery recipes say, a number of really jolly chorus ladies, and you have all that is necessary for a most exhilarating evening. Even the hero of the story, who is usually represented by a throaty gentleman of distinguished appearance, is replaced here by a quite ordinary young man who is entirely human and who sings with nice restraint. He is Mr. Allen Kearns, and I understand that he is from the United States of America, which, as everyone knows by this time, is a strip of land south of Canada that was specially created to be a pattern and example to the rest of the world.

TIP-TOES (Miss Dorothy Dickson) is a member of the "Kayes," a wandering troupe of mountebanks who have been engaged to perform at a private entertainment at Palm Beach, Florida, the seaside resort of millionaires, real and reputed. On their arrival, however, the gentleman who is giving the entertainment recognises Tip-Toes as a sweet young thing whom he met previously at another seaside place, and with whom he allowed himself to be photographed as an admirer whose intentions were not necessarily honourable. So, as he is already a very much-married man, he gives the company a thousand dollars to go away and play in the next street. The two men of the troupe take the money, but cannot tear themselves away from the place. Instead, they arrange a cunning plot. They will spend their newly-gotten dollars in launching Tip-Toes into the Society of the place. Very likely one of the many millionaires around will marry her, and then her friends can come and live with her, and be happy ever after.

SO we next see Tip-Toes nicely arrayed in a dainty costume ready to mark down her prey; and this brings us to the song of the evening. Miss Dickson has not a very robust voice, but it is quietly tuneful and playfully humorous, and I prefer that kind of singing to the noisier samples. She announces that she is Looking for a Boy who is Looking for a Girl to Love, and as she sings she runs up and down peering anxiously into the audience from her place on the stage. I sat upright in my seat and tried to catch her wistful eye, but I regret to say without any working result. The song has not only to be sung, but acted as well, and Miss Dickson handles it with great charm and complete success.

IN due course Steve Burton drifts on to the scene. He is Mr. Allen Kearns, and he brings with him what seems to be a portable wireless outfit. I thought at first this was to be an accessory to an outbreak of humour, but nothing happened in connection with it, so that for practical purposes Mr. Kearns seems merely to be taking on part of the scene-shifter's job. Steve is very awkwardly dressed in clothes that look as if they had been bought ready-made; but he presently owns to the possession of seven millions of dollars, and when you have got that much you can

wear the same collar for a whole week and not be afraid that the girls will snub you. Steve is young and green; but that kind is usually the worst when it breaks away from home and ma.

STEVE has not been on the stage long before he is surrounded by a bevy of hopeful girls, each of whom is doubtless confident that she would know how to spend seven millions without previous experience. Steve proposes a game that seems to be the equivalent of our "Blind Man's Buff." The girls shall blindfold him, and he will run after them and kiss as many as he can catch, which is not a bad programme for a raw beginner. In some way or another Tip-Toes gets worked into the picture, and whether she catches him or he catches her does not really matter. What matters is that she is duly caught and kissed, and that seems as good a

way as any of getting introduced to a nice girl. Carrying out the understanding with her partners, she affects to be a wealthy young lady with several motors and yachts and other appurtenances of the extremely rich. Then she suddenly realises that she is genuinely in love with Steve, and therefore cannot proceed with the course mapped out for her by her partners, because that would be deceit, which, as we all know, is foreign to the feminine nature.

S

STEVE, of course, feels very keenly her confession that she is only a play-actress, and, as is usual in comedies of this sort, the course of true love exhibits the varying changes of temperature necessary to avoid rushing the romance to a premature conclusion. Steve invites everybody to come aboard his yacht; and it is there that he learns of the trap that was laid for him as a millionaire likely to rise to the bait of a poor but fascinating girl. Of course, all is over and that sort of thing; but, guided no doubt by the lofty instincts of true love, Tip-Toes contrives that she and Steve shall be left alone on the yacht without the means of getting ashore for the night.

S

THIS gives the opportunity for a very delicate scene with a song about "Nighty-night," quite amusingly presented by Miss Dickson and Mr. Kearns. It is finally settled that Steve shall camp out on deck, while Tip-Toes shall have the cabin to herself, and the curtain falls on that at the end of the second act. But no explanation appears to be offered as to how Tip-Toes came to acquire the lovely white-and-silver gown in which she appears in the last act, with tiara to match. Still, it is not for me to give the uncharitable a handle for their false conclusions, and I have no doubt that Tip-Toes came by her costly apparel in a perfectly regular manner. Besides, Steve comes along soon after, and says he is going to marry the girl, and nothing could be fairer than that.

S

MR. LADDIE CLIFF as a member of the "Kaye" troupe is agreeably humorous throughout, whether as a cross-talk comedian or a speciality dancer. He is ably seconded in his efforts by Mr. John Kirby, who is, in more ways than one, a humorist of substance. Miss Dickson has a dancing scene all to herself in the last act—one of those elaborate turns in which the lady, upheld by a stalwart partner, makes a resolute effort to chip pieces out of the ceiling with her dainty toe. But it is all very graceful and very satisfying. There is an amusing skit on "Charming" people by the "Kayes" when they are preparing Tip-Toes to create a dazzling sensation among the millionaires, the burden of their song being that as other people can be "charming," there is no reason why they should not make themselves "charming" too. Example was ever better than precept! At intervals during the various scenes the chorus rushes on like a rolling tornado, and the liveliness gets very fierce indeed. Miss Peggy Beatty and Miss Rita McLean give special dances which are not only bright and lively samples of their kind, but which also seem to give confirmation to the interesting rumour that nobody wears petticoats nowadays. *Tip-Toes* is a musical comedy which is undoubtedly well qualified to maintain the successful record of the Winter Garden Theatre. JINGLE.

Stage Photo Co.

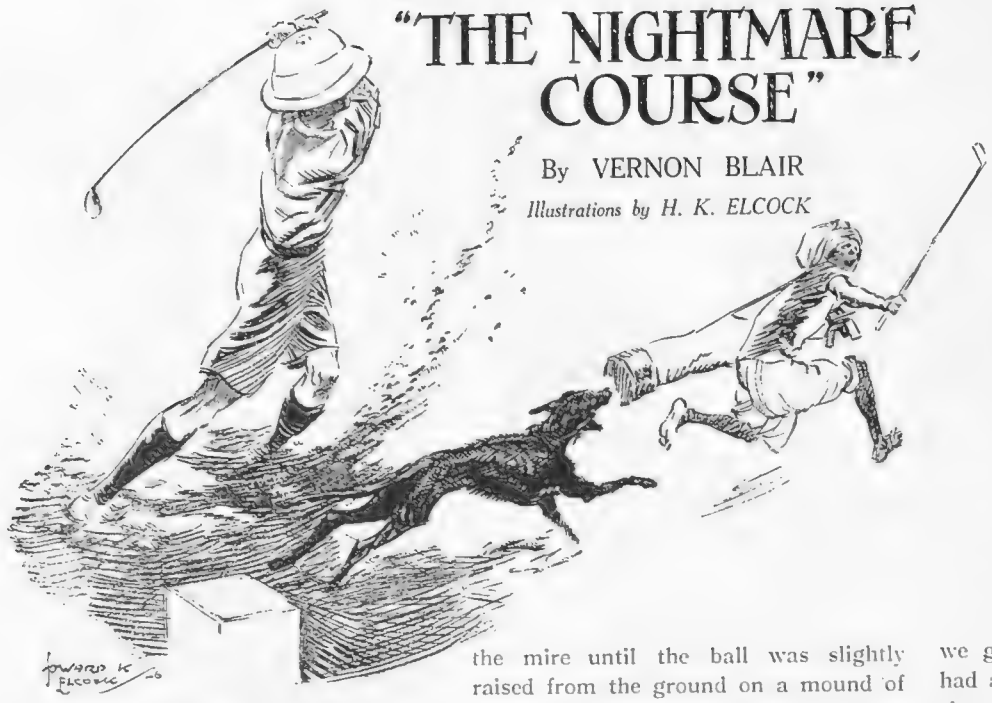
IN CLASSIC POSE

The Three Kayes pose for the camera in "Tip-Toes," that successful musical comedy at the Winter Garden. They are Al Kaye (Laddie Cliff), Tip-Toes Kaye (Dorothy Dickson) and Hen Kaye (John Kirby)

"THE NIGHTMARE COURSE"

By VERNON BLAIR

Illustrations by H. K. ELCOCK



A reply from a reader in India to "A Dream Holiday" by Dell Leigh, in a recent issue of "The Bystander"

THE BYSTANDER has just dropped on to the floor with the rest of the English mail. It is dated August 18, and please, Mr. Leigh, please don't do it any more . . . I think I know the golf course . . . "The red flags on the greens hang limp on their pins. Some Machiavellian hand laid out those links several hundred years ago. The man who does a good score on them prattles deservedly about it for a week after; the man who fails comforts himself at lunch by saying: 'Well, they're deuced difficult, you know.' And he is quite right . . ." Please, Mr. Leigh, don't do it any more . . . As I say, and as everybody else will say, for everyone has a dream golf course, I think I know those links. I was one of the conspicuous failures, and I, too, comforted myself at lunch by remembering that they were "deuced difficult." And so . . .

The rain had ceased sufficiently for us to expect the game that we call, for we are imaginative as well as courageous, golf. At five, for it was too hot in the rain to play with comfort before, we tramped along the sodden road, a coolie behind with the two bags. A small boy saw our approach, hastened back to the caddy master, and, having the qualification of being the caddie master's nephew, secured the position of caddie to one of us. The rest was in the cruel hands of Fate. A horde of small boys clamoured for the honour of losing sight of our balls as they sped over the sodden turf. (For there is turf on the dream course now—a fact that has reduced my drive from the 200 yards customary in the hot weather to a mere 100.) We waded to the first tee, persuaded one of the caddies to play in the mire until the ball was slightly raised from the ground on a mound of untidy wet mud, and made the usual preparations for hitting the ball. These consisted of shouting to the forward caddies to cease playing in the stream and to come many yards nearer, telling the caddies to stop talking, ushering off a pi-dog from the immediate vicinity, securing a foothold for ourselves on the swamp, and clearing the course of a string of men, women and children who were slowly wending their way across the path in front. (There is no creature so capable of committing suicide as an Indian intent upon getting out of the way of a mad Sahib with a driver in his hands.) It was then found that the ball had fallen off the tee. More mud larking. We drove. Immediately tumult broke out anew. The dog chased the pink soles of the forward caddie's chocolate feet, and contemplated a feast of good Indian leg. George was in a different hole from mine—less deep. At the sixth attempt to emerge I found that my caddie had handed me a putter. And thus, playing a snappy eighth, we reached the alleged green. Play, Mr. Leigh, on your dream courses. Play morning and afternoon, day after day; talk your battles over again in the smoke-room of your dream hotel every night, but remember that you have a green that is green. That is, moreover, of grass. Remember that you use a putter on the green, whereas . . .

"We reached the alleged green"

After we had both played ten, we were appreciably nearer the hole. The tin had sunk a little into the grey sand that had the cloying capacity of chocolate, defying my mashie to lift the ball. The first three attempts to hit the back of the hole failed owing to the fact that the tin formed an encircling guard, incapable of allowing a ball to pass. And it was George's hole.

At the third it began to rain, and we gave up putting. At the sixth we had a slight quarrel owing to George's slowness. How he can expect to have the peace of mind of Gleneagles on our course I cannot fathom. At the eighth we gave up going for the greens—which have no red flags and very few pins, Mr. Leigh—and decided to drive only. And after that we gave up. The fans had stopped out of spite when we returned, and there was no soda-water.

And yet . . . I think it would be excellent training for many of Mr. Leigh's readers to play on our course. I think they would like the tees, the arm wavings, the casual water that seems determined rather than casual. The railway hole, where there is always a goods train and a stream of people going nowhere. The peculiar ingenuity of the eighth, where the best course is to drive straight down the road and so round the clump of trees on to the green. They would benefit enormously from the diversions. For I am sure that I, who used to be put off by a worm turning a hundred yards away, for I have a horror of audiences, could now face a battery of clicking cameras as I swing down in the old devastating way. Nothing could put me off. No question of balance or attention to detail like that. No worry from slice or pull. No bunkers higher than a few inches, and beautiful niblick putts when the sand that lies so thick and cloying on the greens is wet. No plus fours, but shorts. No lying on the greens to sight a putt. No unnecessary swinging or addressing of the ball, for the rain is falling fast and it is very dark. No big umbrellas for you, for what good are they in a monsoon shower? In fact, hardly any golf.

And I, too, will be selfish and refuse to tell you the name of this course, this dream course, this nightmare scene of the great God Goof . . .

A Helping Hand

Sasha

Binnie Hale and Jack Buchanan contrive to look on the bright side of life even in the throes of rehearsal. The new musical comedy, "Sunny," in which they are the chief rays of sunshine, is maintaining the usual successful tradition of Hippodrome shows

A Doubtful Question!

BY WILMOT LUNT

CURATE: "Can I see your mistress?"

NEW SERVANT: "She isn't dressed yet, sir, but I'll ask her"

LONDON LOVELIES

V.—KITTY-THE-CAT

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT *Illustration by H. K. ELCOCK*

KITTY is at her best at the Kit Cat Club, because she moves so well; and this popular place is essentially for those who prefer wide, open spaces for languid arrivals and unruffled departures. Also she purrs upon her partner from time to time in a manner which seems to me, watching without illusions from an adjacent table, to be almost feline. To him it appears a smile of peculiar dazzlement and contentment with life in general and his propinquity in particular.

Kitty Legion—for her name is almost that—had a husband once. He died most conveniently early in the proceedings ("in that 'flu epidemic, you remember, but don't let us be depressing, for goodness sake"), and now she is alone, presumably with her conscience, which sits as lightly upon her as that thin, half-discarded peacock-blue wrap about her milk-white shoulders.

One does not see much of Kitty in the day time, because most of us are minding our own business until the hour when hospitable ladies in flats begin to shake those nickel-plated urns, and we "roll up," to find her already in possession of our hostess. It may be an awkward or a welcome moment when you appear, you can never tell. But, roughly speaking, if the lady to whom you have come to pay homage, and to receive in return a dry-Martini-with-a-dash, is hearing from Kitty's lips about her shortcomings, she is terribly pleased to see you, and says, "Leigh, darling, how *nice* of you to come round; I haven't seen you for *such* an age," giving you a glance as if you were the only man who mattered in the two hemispheres. If, on the other hand, some other woman's deficiencies are being laid bare by that metallic voice, you are distinctly one too many at the moment; and all you get is a flat-toned, "Hullo, old thing, I thought you were going away?" which is an unspoken equivalent of "I wish to heaven you had." For your entry has broken the thread of Kitty's broadcasting, which was on the point of becoming *really* interesting and exclusively intimate; one of those pearls of publicity which begin, "This is strictly between ourselves and you *won't* repeat it, dear, will you? I know I can rely on you."

For Kitty, you must understand, is invariably disappointed in people (never in herself, of course), and says so on all occasions. She has just said to the cocktail-shaking lady, "You know, Biddy, dearest, you are not the woman you used to be." Biddy glances up quickly at the mirror with a rather hunted expression in her eyes. "No, I don't mean physically; you're still lovely—isn't she Mr., I didn't catch your name? I mean mentally. You are all *wrong*, dear. You have become terribly hard. It's all these late nights . . . may I have some ice in this? Thanks. You are getting rather like Doris Darenotte: now *that* woman . . ."

It is at this point that the wise man swallows his poison hurriedly and leaves. His attempt at an exit draws a conventional remonstrance from Biddy: "You're not going yet? Oh, don't go, please." To which Kitty-the-Cat purrs, "Never press a man to stay, dear: a great mistake: gives the show away: I never do, believe me." Thereby making your hostess feel rather small, as was intended. During the ice-bound leave-takings you have heard her say, "Yes, I'm dining with that crashing bore, Freddie Fane—isn't it *awful?* Why do we do these things? . . ." And here she is, all lit up in pale carnation pink, a beautifully soft colour, in deep contrast with the line of her mouth; silver-grey stockings and shoes. Her blonde hair is Etoned, and brushed back with a rigidity entirely out of keeping with the quality of her mind.

The Kit Cat is a dance club with that soothing influence which mellows the tired mind. The cramped Londoner finds here under those seven huge, fickle lamps a respite from the jostle and surge of other places round the other corners of Mayfair. You gaze down from the wide, isolated gallery upon a shimmering plain of parquet. The band, though large and compelling, is not, as it were, on top of you. You have but to whisper in this gallery, or in those deeply recessed alcoves, and she will hear you,

and, with luck, she will whisper back, and all will be well. The pale *café-au-lait* colouring is neutrally non-obtrusive The ubiquitous waiters are far away until beckoned. Soso, the smiling, efficient *Maître,* appears only from some invisibility when summoned. The changeful colours of those luscious lamps, turning from blood-red to lilac, to jade-green, to cyclamen, to the palest of blues, seem to smooth out the creases in your meditations. The place is full of peace.

But there is a warring element disturbingly close—Kitty. You hardly know her. You have never dined with her (heaven forbid)—but you know her type. Someone, you feel certain, is being mentally torn to shreds. As she is generally to be seen with an insipid young man, to whom she could give several years in age and experience, he is prone to believe what he hears, and will probably pass it on. Her young men have two distinguishing marks upon them always; very wide dress trousers and very sleek hair. A third attribute: they never get hot when dancing. They will remain immaculate until the crack of doom. What their posture will be then, the gods only know.

They give fans away at the Kit Cat A woman can brew a lot of trouble with a fan. Kitty's play with her fan would make a Madrid lady smile pityingly. Her fingers moving that fan show her boredom, her trepidations, ambitions, inhibitions. But behind the motions is being breathed poison, insidious and insistent. She has just pointed Mike Malvern out to her youthful host. Mike is dancing with Sybil Sellier, from the chorus of "Say When," at the "Soho." She has said:

"Just look at that Malvern man, spreading his fingers across that girl's back. Why does she allow it?"

But poor Mike, if the truth were known (when is it?), is a poor dancer, in spite of his new yellow "Phantom"; and his possessive air with the star of the "Soho" firmament is in reality just nerves and a desire to compete successfully with younger men.

Kitty takes the floor when the alluring lights begin to change colour. It is an imposing entry down that wide staircase, especially when the dominant colour is oyster-grey turning to lemon, and diners sitting about are duly impressed. Conspicuous dancers they both are: he has been brought here for that purpose. That long, quick slide, don't you know, a smooth run round the room with that attractive side "feather" step. Nice minded people on all sides are saying complimentary things about both of them, because there is nobody else on the floor at the moment who can compare with this couple. All she says, as they mount the stairs again to their gallery table is, "Dreadful, isn't it, how few of these people know the first principles of dancing?"

In the midst of the crashing boredom, suddenly you see her whole body become alert to interested attention as she gazes down at some new arrivals. Estelle Exe has just come in, with Philip Slade Mr. Exe is in a nursing home in Fitzroy Square, missing his appendix frightfully. Now this is *very* interesting—and Kitty cranes forward a trifle.

. . .

Three days afterwards, while the bridge hands are being dealt at the club, Kitty says sweetly to Margery Slade, on her left:

"How *well* your husband does the Charleston, my dear: did you teach him? Where did I see him? I can't remember for the moment; somewhere or other, the other night."

And then she falls into an innocent reverie over her cards.

While this poison is percolating slowly through a jealous wife's system, causing her to double a sitting two no trumps, she presently looses yet another dart while shuffling a pack, thus:—

"Has anyone seen Estelle to-day, by the way? She had on such a duck of a frock the other night, I want to know who her woman is now. . . . Two hearts."

Out of a corner of her eye she has observed Margery stiffen ever such a little. The dart has found its target.

And over Kitty spreads that same feeling a cat has when you stroke its back. E. P. L.-B

THE REALLY JAPANESE "MIKADO" *Stage Photo Co.*

Two photographs of well-known Savoyards in the new dresses which Mr. Charles Ricketts designed for this year's production of "The Mikado." They show Miss Elsie Griffin (left) as Yum-Yum and Mr. Darrell Fancourt as the Mikado whose new trappings make him more urbanely sinister than ever

BY HARRY ZINGS

THE "ART" GALLERY

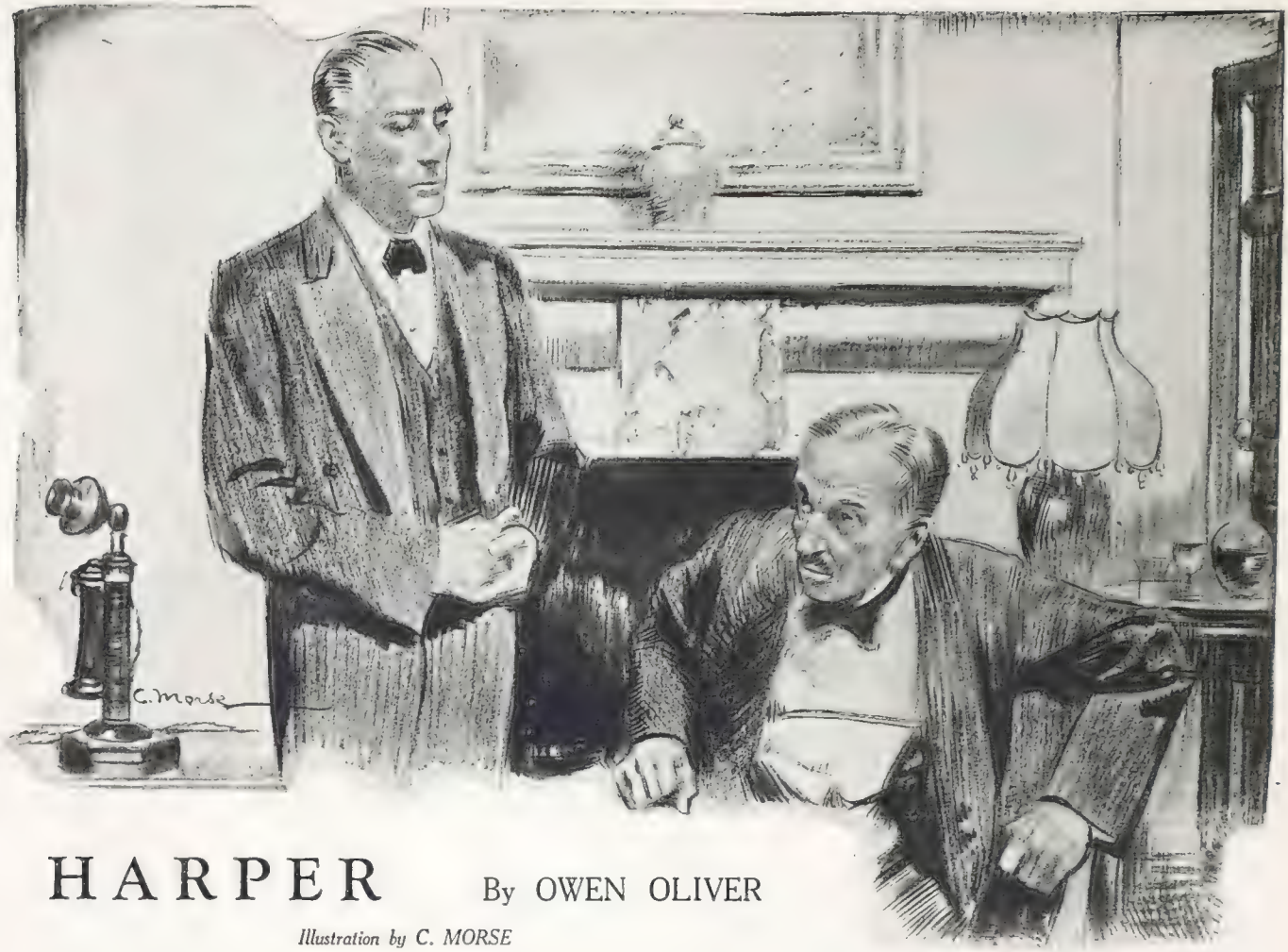
"BED-TIME

BY WALTER MURRAY

E STORIES"

BY THORPE

DORMY ONE!



HARPER

By OWEN OLIVER

Illustration by C. MORSE

FESHLING was taking off his coat when the bedside telephone rang. He started nervously and jerked his arms back into the sleeves; started again at his own image in the mirror; an apprehensive-looking little man of forty-five, grey before his time.

His teeth chattered and he swayed while he listened to the message. He managed to jerk out, "Thank you." Then he dropped into the armchair with his arms hanging limply over the side. Presently he raised one and rang the electric bell upon the adjacent table.

In a few seconds his big, competent, unworried-looking valet appeared.

"Thought you were going to bed, sir," he said.

"I've had a telegram delivered by 'phone, Laxon," Feshling groaned. "*Midnight. Harper.*"

They stared at each other for ten seconds in silence, except for Feshling's fingers drumming upon the table.

"Seems as there's no escaping him," the valet muttered.

"Don't talk like that, Laxon," Feshling cried. "He'd kill me; kill me. . . You must keep him off me somehow."

"You've been running from him for fifteen years," the valet protested. "It's worn you to a shadow of yourself; broke you up. You'd best face him and settle things once for all."

"Man, I tell you he'll kill me!"

"I've thought lately, sir, since the worry brought on neuritis, or whatever it is, you might be happier out of it."

"Good God, Laxon! You don't suggest——?"

"Well, sir, what sort of life is it for you; or for me, come to that? It's always the same. He's playing cat and mouse with you; lets you get just to the point when you're going to handle the fortune that I'm to have 10 per cent. of, and then he sends a threat, and you run away. Run away and leave evidence behind that will make others look for you. Don't forget the times when you've been more worried about the police than this man Harper. On your own showing you're due for about thirty-five years, unless the sentences run concurrently! It's time an end was made of it one way or another. If you haven't had enough of it, I have; and warned you before that I thought of looking for another job."

"Laxon, you wouldn't desert me!" Feshling pleaded.

"I can't stand the strain any longer, sir. Whenever a wire comes, and you ring for me afterwards, I go all of a sweat — begging your pardon, sir. 'Harper again,' I think. All I was to share is lost; and we'll pack up and run in the night like thieves—well, one that was going to be, and his accomplice, they'll say."

"There's nothing to incriminate *you*, Laxon," his master declared.

"They'd say that what little I've put by has come out of your companies. But I'm speaking of you, not myself. *I* don't go about fearing my shadow. *I* don't look round every corner. *I* don't start at every voice and listen for every noise, or fasten up two chains and two bolts and double lock my door at night. There's nothing screaming on *my* conscience!"

"It isn't conscience that screams at me," Feshling denied. "It's that murderous brute. . . . No sense of justice!"

"I make out he has just ground for feeling murderous," the valet remarked. "If I had a wife and someone ran off with her, I might feel like it myself."

"If a man's wife runs off," Feshling said, "he ought to put the blame on *her*. I owed nothing to him; didn't even know him. . . . Laxon, you must keep him away from me this time. You've seen what he is from his letters and telegrams."

"I never saw any definite threat to kill you in them," the valet remarked.

"That was in the first, the one that I found on my dressing-table, before I engaged you. I told you of that."

"Not what he said, sir; only that you were threatened by a strong and desperate man; and that you took me on for a sort of valet-guard, being a powerful

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

man; and no nerves. Which I hadn't, but I don't feel quite the same after fifteen years. . . . He was definite that time, eh? "

"I'll tell you the threat word for word," Feshling muttered. "It wasn't that I wanted to keep anything from you; only that it upset me to repeat it. . . . 'Some day I shall kill you; but I will do worse first.—Harper.' . . . He is a big, powerful man."

Feshling shivered.

"As big and powerful as me, sir? "

"I never saw him, but he was doing a strong man turn on the halls. Ikon the Ironbreaker! He was touring when I met his hussy of a wife."

"Hussy, was she? From what you've said, I didn't gather that."

"That or a fool. Tried to put pressure on me to marry her when he divorced her, anyhow."

"And you didn't——? "

"*Me* marry her! Why . . . well, this isn't the time for history. There's only about a quarter of an hour. What's to be done? "

"Well. . . . Midnight, he says. . . . If he wants you then, he's got to get into this house. He can't come in at the door. A man who comes any other way lays himself open to be taken for a burglar. . . . Suppose anyone says, 'Stop, or I shoot,' and says it just *after* he fires? "

"Ah! . . . You will? "

"It's your affair, not mine, sir."

"Yes, yes. . . . But my nerves are bad. I should miss him, and he'd spring on me, and . . . Ikon the Ironbreaker! Ugh! . . . *Your* nerves are all right, Laxon, and you're a strong man, a very strong man. You stay in this room with me and have the revolver. Be steady when you shoot—I'll bear you out that you challenged first, and he rushed at us—and you shall have 12½ per cent. of what I get off with. That's an eighth, you know."

"I'm not going to risk the gallows for any per cent. of anything, sir," the valet refused.

"Then put some things together quickly," Feshling implored, "and take me off in the motor."

"And leave everything! Then there'll be nothing to have a per cent. of—as usual! "

"I'll start something fresh, Laxon. You know I have a nose for fools."

"And Harper has a nose for you! " the valet growled; "and you never get out of scent of it. Can't you see that after fifteen years? He just lets you think you've escaped him to torment you more; waits till you've nearly got something in your hands; then threatens to drop on you; and you cut and run, and don't make a fight of it, like a man."

"What chance have I against a gorilla who made a living out of his brute strength? His wife said he'd twist a poker into a snake bracelet for her arm."

"Just knack," Laxon suggested.

"Knack that would break my neck! " Feshling cried. He shuddered. "No wonder I haven't slept properly for years. That's what's done my nerve in. . . . But you think, with a revolver——? . . . You'd stand by, of course? And swear that he was a murderous burglar, who attacked me? "

"But suppose it came out that he was the husband of the lady you took off? There'd be a prejudice against you; and me, if I backed you up."

"No one thinks any worse of a man for a thing like that," Feshling asserted. "The woman tempted and he ate! "

"Some have a prejudice against him if he doesn't marry her afterwards, and she dies soon," Laxon muttered. "Seems from one of his letters—the one pinned to your pillow in the hotel—as if *he* has a prejudice about that. Fond of the gal, perhaps."

"I'll face prejudice to save my life," Feshling declared. "If only I thought I'd shoot straight. . . . Laxon, *you* take the revolver. If you kill him I'll make it 20 per cent.; 20 per cent. as long as you stay with me."

"Ah! " The valet laughed grimly. "You might think you didn't need me when he was gone. One who doesn't keep faith with his woman doesn't keep it with his man."

"I would, Laxon. I would. I'll put it in writing; make it 25 per cent. That's a quarter."

"I'm not risking my neck for a quarter, or for half, or the whole. Remember, there's more than Harper after you. There'd be a fuss over him, and enquiries about you, and likely enough he'll have left evidence to trace you, which he must have, as *he's* done it. It doesn't follow that you'll be free from him after he's dead."

"First," Feshling groaned, "you say that my only hope is to kill him. Then you say there's no hope in that! You're as bad as he is at playing cat and mouse with me."

"You can be rid of *me*, sir. I'm fed up with it. I see he'll never let your hopes come to anything; and when he finds you've none left, he'll think the time has come for settling with you. There'll never be anything to draw my per cent. on. So, if you'll accept my notice——"

Feshling screamed, clutched his valet

"Laxon, if you desert me now, all you'll have done will be to have kept me alive for fifteen years' torture. If I hadn't had you I'd be dead now; dead of fear; out of my misery. Don't go till I'm free from him."

"You'll never be free from him, sir," Laxon declared. "If you haven't learnt that yet, I have. What he says he'll do he does. He says midnight to-night, and he'll come. I'm not going to stay and be killed for you, or be hanged or put in prison for killing him."

"I'll make it 30 per cent., Laxon." The valet shook his head slowly. "Forty per cent." The valet shook his head again. "Fifty? That's half and half. . . . For the love of Heaven, save me, Laxon."

"Not for the love of Heaven, I can't," Laxon declared; "and there's only one thing can."

"What's that? "

"The law," the valet said.

"What? " Feshling screamed.

"Go round and give yourself up at the police station. He can't get you there. There's a warrant out for you under the name of——"

"I know, I know! " Feshling wrung his hands. "I won't. . . . Besides, he'd be waiting outside the house and catch me. I'd never get there."

"Then 'phone and say you're Barkson, and let them fetch you."

"You're mad! I'd get five or seven years. . . . Even if they didn't connect me with the other cases . . ."

"Seems to be a choice between your liberty and your life. . . . You've got to face it. Suppose you escaped him tonight. How long are you going on in the state you're in? I warned you last time that you wouldn't stand another go like it. Harper, like enough, sees that too; that he's got to settle with you now, or you won't be here for settlement. And, if you ask me, killing ain't what's in his mind, or he'd have done it before now."

"You think he won't kill me? " Feshling grasped his valet's arm.

"Not unless he can't punish you enough in any other way. I'd expect him to give you the choice; death or prison. *I'd* take death; but *you* won't. I know you, after fifteen years."

"But——" Feshling gasped. "Prison——? For years . . . ! "

He sank into the armchair and put his face in his hands.

"But death! " the valet said. "At twelve o'clock. . . . It wants four minutes. . . ."

"He can't get in," Feshling screamed. "I searched the house, locked all the doors. . . . You must stay with me. You *must*, Laxon. I'll share half and half with you. I swear it. We'll prove that he can't do what he says. . . . Lock that door. Both locks." Laxon obeyed. "Now the bolts." Laxon shot them noisily. "Now the chains." Laxon did them, shrugging his shoulders. "Let's stand right away from the window in case he throws a bomb. . . . What are you laughing at? "

"I am Harper," said the valet.

O. O.

Limelight Glimpses from Paris and London

THE END OF THE DANCE

Gilbert René

Mlle. Chrystianne Dargyl, whose dancing has created such a sensation at the Grand Opéra of Paris. She is seen in a graceful *finale* to one of her performances

Lenare

IN PLAYFUL MOOD

Babs Valerie, who is appearing in the new revue at the Little. "London's Potinière" as the revue is called, promises to be as successful as one expects a show to be at this theatre

Joan Craven

THE LADY OF THE SHAWL

Miss Leila Farmer, who is appearing in 'The Whole Town's Talking," at the Strand Theatre. She is seen in a Spanish and somewhat haughty pose

With Dog and Gun in the Home Counties

MRS. BARNETT (left), MISS RUTH HALSEY, MISS JOAN HALSEY and VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY

British Illus.

Photographs

MRS. QUINTIN DICK and MR. E. CAPE

CAPTAIN T. R. CLUTTERBUCK

Sport and General

COLONEL A. D. ACLAND and LORD CHESTERFIELD

Some of the spectators and officials of the Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire Retriever Trials These were held recently near Hatfield in Hertfordshire, and proved of great interest

A Racing Day at Stratford-on-Avon

Topical

MISS GREENWELL, LADY BRUCE and MR. KEMP

British Illus.

MISS LORING (left), CAPTAIN LUCAS, MRS. L. DALY, COLONEL THE HON. ALEXANDER HORE-RUTHVEN, MRS. HORE-RUTHVEN and MISS DALY

News Illus.

MR. and MRS. ROBERT McALPINE

Topical

SIR JOHN GREY and MRS. ALDRIDGE

Sport and General

CAPTAIN and MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE

The Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases, which took place recently, were well patronised by spectators. Above are some of those who tried to "spot the winner" at this enjoyable meeting in Shakespeare's country

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

We need a brilliant man to restore our air supremacy, writes an expert. We should have thought there were enough air restorers on the market.

. . . . .

From a provincial paper:—"There seems every hope that the Seven Blisters near Eastbourne will be saved for the public." It would be painful to prick this bubble.

. . . . .

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is to spend a holiday in the Sahara. We trust that he will easily sheikh down in his Arab surroundings.

. . . . .

Omar on the links:—"What! Did the hand then of the putter shake?"

. . . . .

Another golfing fallacy:—The "half" is greater than the hole.

. . . .

Stage Silhouettes.

Mr. Nelson Keys.

I dub him King of the Comedian's Castle,
And love to watch him wrapped up in a pas seul;
Or see him with dramatic coruscation,
Holding the Keys of every situation.
Moreover, I have got a sort of hunch,
We haven't seen the best of all the "Bunch";
And feel some day, in imitative bent,
He'll raise another "Nelson" monument!

. . . . .

Answer to Correspondent:—Yes, Edgar, "The Ringer" has recently been added to the Wallace collection.

A taxi-driver of the name of "Watts" has composed a tragedy entitled "Time." Doubtless, thousands who use taxis will hasten to see Watts on the Clock.

. . . . .

1st Golfer: "What sort of a driver is Jones?"

2nd Ditto: "Simply topping."

. . . . .

Incurable.

(a) *Smith used to smoke cigars all day with nonchalance and abandon.*
(b) *His doctor said that the cigar habit he ought to abandon.*
(c) *Yet Smith continues to smoke his cigars with a band on.*

. . . . .

"Ladies should be discouraged from the modern habit of wearing plus fours," says a writer in a ladies' journal. Not so modern; they committed similar bloomers years ago.

. . . . .

In spite of my ardent insistence,
May likes to keep me at a distance.
When I ask her to go
To a show, she says "No";
She's a perfect Pièce de Resistance!

Outside the Theatre.

The Hon. Percy: "Well, you *would* come; but, anyhow, we can say we've seen the show. What did you say to the leading lady in the interval?

Lady Di.: Oh, I told her she was just too wonderful.

The Hon. P.: Did she seem pretty fit?

Lady Di.: Well, of course, she's aged fearfully.

The Hon. P.: Yes; I'm not fond of her either.

Lady Di.: *Did* you hear her sing in Act I? Clean off the note! *And* her dancing!

The Hon. P.: To tell you the truth, I only got in just before the bar was closed. Beastly rude some of those chaps in the stalls. *I* couldn't help barging by 'em.

Lady Di.: I know. And when I was telling my neighbour that my new frock simply suits me down to the knees, someone in the pit—the pit, mark you!—actually had the cheek to say, "Shut up!"

The Hon. P.: Rotten bad form. And look here, when I started yawning that comedian fellow absolutely glared at me.

Lady Di.: Some of these stage people seem to think we want to watch their bally show. Well, what about pushing off and shaking a leg somewhere?

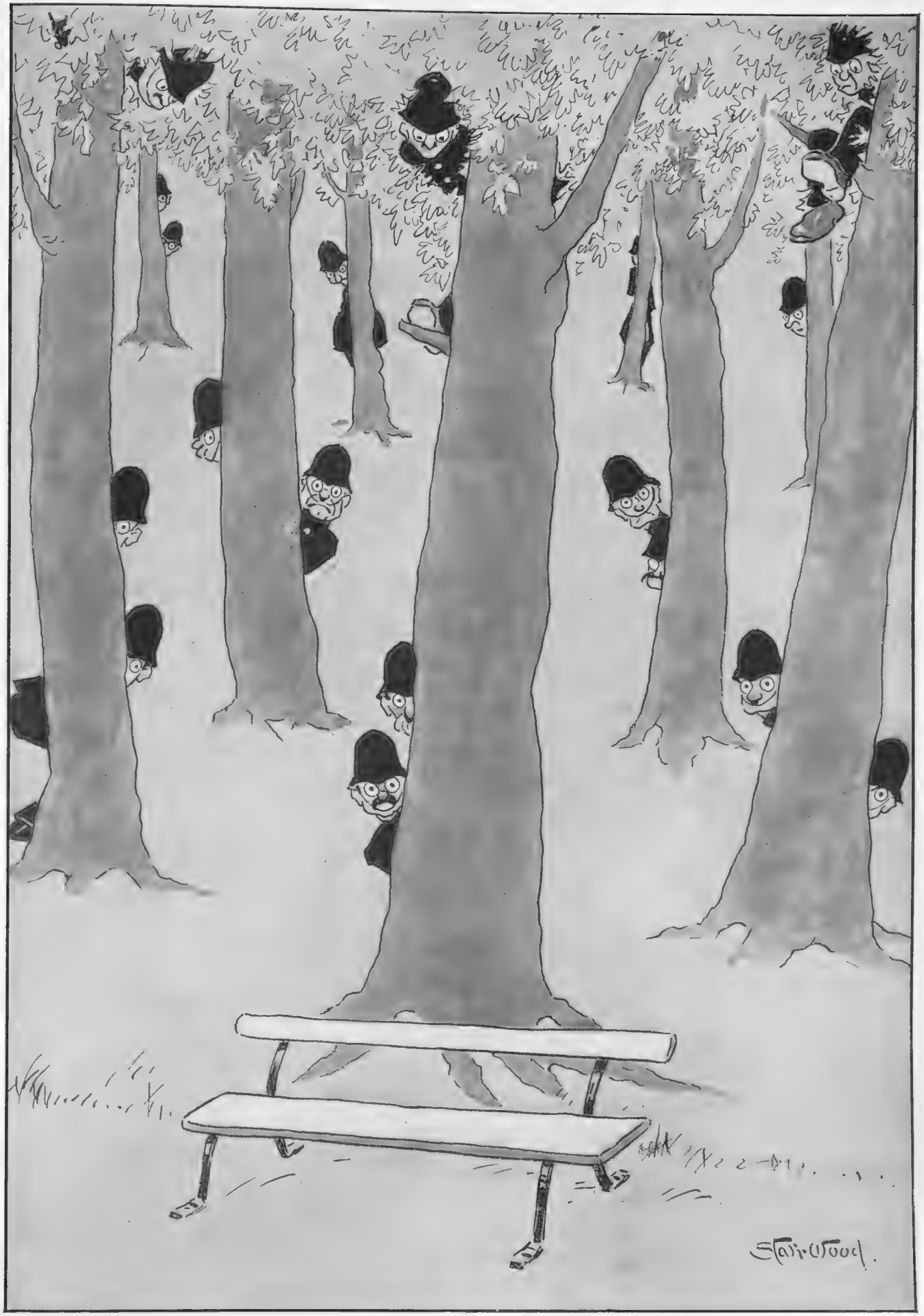
The Hon. P.: Sorry, old Fruit; but as a matter of fact I've got to go and write a notice about the rotten show!

[*Exeunt.*

By E. F. Hiscocks

FIGURES OF SPEECH

He: "Just think of it. A few words mumbled over your head and you're married"
She: "Yes, and a few words mumbled in your sleep and you're divorced!"



BY STARR WOOD

HIDE PARK

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Through drops of perspiration"

Mes Amis—

I begin to think we have an advantage over you in respect of the *caractère* of our tax-collectors. Your tax-gatherers are undoubtedly more efficient, but they are strict business men, stern of visage and of purpose, whereas *les nôtres* have fully qualified for the *rôle* of humorists.

One would have imagined that the *octroi* men of Caen the quaint, who demand a deposit of a franc and a half for permitting you to convey two chickens *morts* through their two main streets, and refund the money as you go through the *barrière*, would have stood alone as taxation comedians. But it appears that they are really in the lower ranks of the comics. As witness the experience of a resident of the outer Parisian suburbs, who is a musician in a Paris orchestra but also earns money by musical activities in his home district. On such earnings he had loyally paid income-tax, but the local "imposer" called upon him to pay four hundred francs more as a tailor who makes up customers' lengths of cloth. The musician sought out the inquisitor and informed him that he had never even employed a needle to sew on a button, but the Authority responded, "You must pay and then reclaim," and, when the musician not unnaturally got out of harmony and began to argue, suggested, "Why not make yourself a tailor and then you wouldn't have any grievance at all!"

"Insisted on listing him as a tailor"

Alternatively, the musician, becoming rather cynical, proposed that he should be taxed as a millionaire, when he would be able to display his *feuille de contributions* to all the local shopkeepers and, on the strength of it, obtain unlimited credit. But the tax-collector, thoroughly content with the joke as developed in his conception, insisted on listing him as a tailor. Why, the victim was quite unable to learn. His name has not even any likeness to tailoring. And there is nothing flattering to a musician, in his eyes, in being tabulated officially as a tailor, while he might have been quite eager to pay for the temporary dignity of being listed as a *romancier*, a *diplomate* or even a *poète*.

Mystery is afoot in the camp of the dressmakers. They have scented the danger of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and they are about to try cunning remedies before it is too late. These have not yet been revealed in detail, and may look better when disclosed in full, for, as presented in outline, they appear liable to strike a snag.

Their problem stands like this. While they are selling more *robes* than ever and, consequent on the high prices obtainable, are making more money than ever, they have lost the clients who are their best advertisement, namely the *Parisiennes*. In view of native financial difficulties only a severely limited few among *Parisiennes* can now afford to wear the *creations* of the class of *couturiers* who sign their models. Maybe they might not have worried too much about this, being *commerçants* primarily, but the British and American customers have begun to introduce posers. "Your models are charming," they would say, "and we really like them immensely,

(Continued on page 132)

In the Whirl of Things

BY HYNES.

Some glimpses of the amusing people who are doing their bit for the Brighter London movement in "Merry-Go-Round" at the Trocadero. This clever cabaret show, which is one of Mr. C. B. Cochran's productions, ranges lightly over widely varied subjects, from Life in Nelson's Day to a Tragedy in the Chicken Run

but we don't see *Parisiennes* wearing them. We prefer to wear what *Parisiennes* wear."

FACED with the obvious danger resulting from this situation, dressmakers and manufacturers have agreed on a *combine*, and propose to offer exclusive models made of the finest materials at fifty per cent. lower prices to *Parisiennes* in order that the *Parisiennes'* taste shall remain available as an advertisement. But suppose *Parisiennes* decide to do a little re-selling?

MAURICE YVAIN, who probably moves more French feet than any other French composer does, with his trick of discovering a lilt that dancers find irresistible, is about to cease to be popular among lyric writers, I fear, as he is at present engaged in penning the lyrics for his next operette himself, down in the seclusion of his Cap d'Antibes villa.

YVAIN has a theory that "certain accents, reticences, intentions and effects in modern light music can only be rendered verbally by him who has conceived them musically." Which may be all very well if he has as good a gift for appropriate words as he has for musical themes. That is open to a very big doubt after the hopeless doggerel efforts of some of the American composers. Even the man who made all the world admit the possibility of being all alone by a telephone, the skilled Irving Berlin himself, has perpetrated "words" to his music which require a lot of swallowing. And then there was the gentleman who made the grass grow greener as the simplest method of rhyming with Pasadena, where the grass is probably mostly brown. If Yvain inflicts anything like this on Paris, *ça ira mal*.

"Your models are charming . . "

THERE has lately been published a book about Paris which is probably the best "close-up" of the Gay City that has been written in English since Paris contracted the *après-guerre* fever.

"For the rôle of humorists"

This is "The Cockpit of Peace," by Ferdinand Tuohy, the cleverness of the title being a good guide to the quality of the contents.

JUST now there seems to be a definite move on the part of music-hall managers to create a kind of League of Nations in their *revues*, with one *étoile* to appeal particularly to one race and others to other races. The Moulin Rouge gave the impetus, and now the Palace, which makes a habit of not neglecting other people's ideas, has developed it much further.

IN the new *revue*, "Palace aux Femmes," Jenny Golder, an Australian with a Yorkshire accent on her French, is intended to appeal to British auditors. Harry Pilcer, whose French recalls Manhattan, looks after American interests, Spadaro is the attraction for the Spaniards and their South American cousins, and the leading French comedian, Dranem, sings songs which can be understood by the few natives who may unexpectedly drop in. When they operate together they can generate high spirits, and there are some very well-coloured *tableaux* that are worth seeing—when vision is possible through drops of perspiration. Would that the Palace might install some more electric fans!

RENÉ.

Worthington

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.... but a beer that is not called Worthington won't taste as good

Proverbs

A BYSTANDER *among the* BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

MR. DONALD MAXWELL'S discovery of England continues apace, and his trophies multiply in the most exhilarating way. You will be familiar by this time with his methods. With his friend Brown, a second cousin, I suspect, of the late Mrs. 'Arris, and in a small boat called the *Pelican*, he sets out to survey uncharted rivers, buried towns, churches which the motorists have not yet discovered, and Oldest Inhabitants who have not yet been interviewed. Instead of a gun he carries a sketch-book, and if anything goes wrong there is always the inoffensive, if learned, Brown to take the blame.

In this way many of England's lost counties have been replaced on the map, and to their number must now be added *Unknown Suffolk* (Lane: 15*s.* net), a delightful book such as only Mr. Maxwell—or is it Brown?—can write. In Suffolk, it would seem, the natives are divided into two jealous sub-races, the East and the West, but both combine to do honour to a stranger. Here, too, rivers get unaccountably mislaid, castles forget that it is their duty to be excavated, and green children spring out of the ground. Also the East Coast, according to Brown, is constantly misbehaving. Indeed such a good traveller as King John would probably lose his way were he to trek north-eastwards to-day from the Thames Valley to the Wash.

Seriously speaking, these books of Maxwell's are a sheer delight. There is a delicacy about his draughtsmanship which lends distinction to even his roughest sketch. And he can find beauty in the unlikeliest spots. As in the earlier volumes, too, we are given a number of illustrations in colour, which, if I had my way, should be issued in duplicate, for they cry aloud for a frame. May these explorations of his long continue.

S

YOU will find the cheeriest record of sport on moor and lake and field in Capt. Allan Bacon's book *Enchanted Days with Rod and Gun* (Seeley, Service: 12*s.* 6*d.* net). It does not seem to have mattered much where the author has happened to find himself—at home or abroad, in the Highlands or down in Hampshire—he has enjoyed the sport that *is* sport. I was particularly interested, too, in his chapters on the legal aspect of things. The law has a habit of being complicated about things which you take more or less for granted, and the author is breaking fresh ground when he is leaving rod and gun for a while and talking of buff papers and things of that kind. If you like walking your birds, or know anything about flies, you will find the book much to your liking.

S

INCIDENTALLY, too, you should read Mr. Waugh in another and more gracious mood. *On Doing What One Likes* (Cayme Press: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a series of entertaining dissertations on various aspects of life. The younger generation likes to think for itself, and is not always ready to accept the "good old" views. Here you may watch Mr. Waugh more or less doing what he pleases, holidaying in Norway, playing village cricket, reading books, or not reading them as the case may be, getting his money's worth, buying presents, and looking forward three centuries hence. It is a leisurely, likeable book.

S

ONE of the most intriguing points about Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings's work is its astonishing variety. You never quite know what he will be doing next. A few months ago I was mentioning him as essayist and novel writer: now he appears as a recorder of youth. *Memoirs of a Child* (Philpot: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) is the quaintest of books. It is the simple panorama of a large family of youngsters who were no better and certainly no worse than are the majority of other children. There is no particular story, and none is needed. Mr. Hastings would have us take it as a true picture, and it certainly reads like the truth.

And what jolly young things they all are, especially when they are in the midst of those nefarious designs against their elders and betters, which, in real life, can be such a nuisance. (We do get so superior sometimes.) Sisters fight against brothers with the utmost ferocity—this comes as rather a shock, until we remember that such internecine warfare, though rarely mentioned in the books, is the commonest occurrence—lessons are shown to be the extraordinarily stupid things that every child knows them to be, and the interests of grown-ups are exhibited in all their intolerable dullness!

A MODERN HUMORIST *Sasha*

An unconventional photograph of Mr. Reginald Arkell, with whose work readers of "The Bystander" are familiar. He is the moving spirit, and part author with "Seamark," of "London's Potinière" at the Little Theatre. His other contributions to the stage include the part authorship of "Life" at the Palladium, the semi-finale, "Mary-Rose-Marie" in the Co-Optimist's programme, and items in "R.S.V.P." at the Vaudeville

An announcement of importance to lovers of pearls

FROM the day when the House of Técla first amazed pearl-lovers by creating these inimitable treasures in their own laboratories, one experiment after another has resulted in the attainment of absolute perfection in pearlcraft.

But the very latest discovery born of Técla research will undoubtedly have more far-reaching results than all past efforts, for it has now become possible for Técla Pearls, with all their supreme qualities, to be offered at considerably less than their former prices.

How this has been attained is, like the processes for creating Técla Pearls, an exclusive secret. But it is now an accomplished fact that Técla Pearls are within the means of almost everyone. A Técla necklace can now be obtained for £3 3s. And that is a momentous achievement.

As in the past, Técla Pearls bear the far-reaching guarantee of a House that has for a quarter of a century held the supreme position in the art of pearl reproduction.

All pearl-lovers are invited to visit the Técla Salon and inspect these choice creations of modern research. There they can also see the fine collection of Técla Gems, including reproductions of Rubies, Emeralds and Sapphires, mounted with genuine diamonds, in platinum and gold settings, individual in character and of exquisite design. A Post order department has been opened for the convenience of those unable to pay a personal visit.

Técla

7 Old Bond Street London W.

PARIS . NEW YORK . BERLIN

Autumn Days and Racing

Sport and General

MICHAEL BEARY (left), LADY ALLERTON, LORD ALLERTON, MRS. TOWERS CLARK, MISS LEROY LEWIS and MISS POWNEY

British Illus.

THE HON. MRS. WILFRED EGERTON and MRS. GEORGE DRUMMOND

News Illus.

MR. CURZON HOWE and the HON. MRS. ALEXANDER RUSSELL

News Illus.

MRS. APPLEBY, MRS. QUIGLY and MRS. DE CASSERES

Some of the numerous spectators who "backed their fancy," with various results, at the Lingfield Park Meeting

Ways In North and South

Sport and General

LORD DENMAN and the HON. MRS. HAROLD PEARSON

Special Press

MISS TYRWHITT and COMMANDER McCOWEN

Special Press

MRS. STOPFORD and COLONEL MITFORD

A trio of photographs taken in the paddock at the Fontwell Park Steeplechases in Sussex

Photographs

MRS. CHARLES BIRKIN and CAPT. MARSHALL ROBERTS, M.F.H.

Topical

MRS. BERT SMART and MISS LLEWELLYN

A few of "those present" at the recent Nottingham Race Meeting. The sun proved a favourite

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

With the Badminton

FROM the Badminton country I have bright accounts of the season's outlook. Cub-hunting began in the middle of August, and the Duke of Beaufort is pleased with the show of foxes so far. He gives every promise of being as successful an M.F.H. as his father was before him. The chances of good sport are highly favourable on both sides of the Vale of White Horse, while Major Wingfield Digby is sanguine of another first-rate season with the Blackmore Vale, where, as I mentioned last week, foot-and-mouth troubles form the only cloud on the horizon.

Swaine

MAJOR E. LONGUEVILLE

Who is hunting the Radnorshire and West Hereford Hounds this season. He has been Master since 1913

Happily these are now disappearing. The outbreak occurred in the Sparkford Vale, one of the choicest fox-hunting areas in the kingdom. No further case has been reported there for more than a month, and I was glad to hear from the Master a few days ago to the effect that the Sparkford Vale will shortly be hunted over as usual. There is an excellent show of foxes, but the ground is still undesirably hard for cub-hunting and scent very poor. This will improve with rain, which is badly needed all over England at the time of writing.

Irish Prospects

IN the old days it was customary for many English people to enjoy their hunting in Ireland, where they have oceans of grass in the leading countries, and wire worries are almost unknown. Political upheavals and the departure of English troops from Irish stations have done much to change the *personnel* of the hunting field there. Now that things have settled down efforts are being made to attract some of those who formerly spent the winter in Ireland for the hunting. One of the strongest attractions they can offer is that no stoppages from foot-and-mouth restrictions need be feared. The famous Meath Hounds are now being hunted by Capt. R. H. Fowler and Lord Holmpatrick, while the "killing" Kildares have been taken over by Sir Thomas Ainsworth, who had the Galway Blazers last season. If we have many more prolonged checks to sport in England on account of cattle disease there will be a sharp revival in the prosperity of the best Irish countries.

MASTER OF THE WHEATLAND

Captain E. H. Rouse-Boughton, who has held the Mastership of the Wheatland Hounds since 1924. The Wheatland country lies in Shropshire, with the Kennels at Eardington, Bridgnorth

Sport and General

HUNTING IN SCOTLAND

Mr. M. S. Thomson, who has been Master of the Berwickshire Hunt since 1922. These hounds, whose Kennels are at Brieryhill, Edrom, hunt three days a week and a bye day

Some More Changes

IRELAND possesses an enthusiastic lady Master in the person of Mrs. W. Hall, of the Carlow. We gave a picture of that keen sportswoman and some of her prize-winning hounds in our Special Hunting Section last week. The Ladies Blanche and Katherine Beresford are no longer joint Masters of the Waterford. They are succeeded by Mr. J. R. Russell, who proposes to hunt the hounds himself with the assistance of his son as whipper-in. I would like to note one or two other changes of which news did not reach us in time to be recorded in our List of Foxhounds. Major H. Connop, a fox-hunter of considerable experience, is the new Master of the Wilton Hounds, and the prospects of sport with this pack are said to be most encouraging. The new M.F.H. will be his own huntsman, and is well qualified to fill that position with success. Mr. J. E. B. Lethbridge has accepted the command of the Lamerton country, and will hunt hounds himself.

A Splendid Veteran

HEARTY congratulations to that grand veteran of the Chase, Lord North, on the celebration of the ninetieth anniversary of his birth. It was a happy idea to arrange a meet of his Basset Hounds on his birthday at Wroxton Abbey, where hundreds of friends, including most of the local farmers and their wives, came to congratulate the old sportsman and wish him continued good health. Lord North followed the hounds in his carriage for a couple of hours, and seemed to be as keenly interested as ever in their performances.

R. M. Morgan

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BT.

Who is continuing as Master of the Cumberland Hunt. He has carried the horn with this pack since 1909

Good Night!
OVALTINE
Delicious
"OVALTINE"
brings perfect rest

THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE

CHRYSLER PRICES HAVE BEEN GREATLY REDUCED!

CHRYSLER '60' (21/60 h.p.)	*New Price*	*Old Price*	*Reduction*
Touring Car	£380	£398	£18
Two-Seater (with dickey seat)	£410	£438	£28
Coach (2-door, 5-seater)	£435	£458	£23
Saloon (4-door, 5-seater)	£465	£488	£23
Chassis	£335	£328	£7 Up
CHRYSLER '70' (23/75 h.p.)	*New Price*	*Old Price*	*Reduction*
Touring Car De Luxe	£505	£518	£13
Two-Seater (with dickey seat)	£505	£525	£20
Brougham	£535	£628	£93
Coupé (with dickey seat)	£540	£598	£58
Saloon (4-door, 5-seater)	£555	£588	£33
Special Saloon (4-door, 5-seater)	£610	£648	£38
Chassis	£418	£418	—

COME TO STAND 156 AND SEE THE CARS YOURSELF!

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

PERFECT SON

A caricature of Sir Alfred Butt, whose horse is a very strong fancy for to-day's Cesarewitch

This Week's Big Event

THERE was a time when the Cesarewitch seemed likely to fall below its usual standard of interest, but events have shaped themselves favourably, and we are now looking forward to this great test of stamina with customary keenness. A great amount of money has already been wagered on the race. Perhaps backers are letting themselves go a little more than is their wont on account of the impending betting tax. The idea seems to be to have some final flutters this month before the Inland Revenue gets busy. Not that I think the new tax is going to make all the difference to betting and racing that the pessimists declare it will do. We shall get quite accustomed to it in time just as we have become accustomed to paying more for our drinks and our smokes. Anyway, we find the Cesarewitch with several heavily backed competitors, and a vast sum depends on the result of the race.

The Top Weights

EVER since Glommen escaped a penalty for the handicap by getting himself disqualified at Doncaster he has been the strongest order for this week's race. It is, however, by no means certain that he will remain as undisputed favourite to the last. Foxlaw is carrying a pile of money and this in spite of the fact that he will have 10lb. more on his back than the handicapper set him to bear. One of the most amazing things that have happened in racing for a long time was when Foxlaw scored a fortnight ago. I am not quite sure that we ought to be carried away by the glamour of his success in the Jockey Club Stakes. For one thing, Solario was certainly not himself owing to the hard ground, while Foliation had her chance of winning as good as settled when the favourite rolled on to her. Without doubt Foxlaw is a greatly improved colt, and I know his owner is brimful of confidence, but, rightly or wrongly, I hold the view that both this colt and Glommen have too much weight.

Two Likely Ones

WE are bound to hold Perfect Son in respect. He is in the hands of one of the cleverest trainers of the day. Stanley Wootton, according to all accounts, has tried this colt to be something like a good thing for the Cesarewitch, and Sir Alfred Butt and his friends have betted accordingly. Epsom is not the best place in the country at which to train a Cesarewitch horse, especially in such a dry spell as we have lately experienced; but Wootton knows what he is up against, and I admit that his confidence is infectious. One of the horses I have favoured all along is Templestowe. He is well handicapped and he is at the top of his form. So much he has demonstrated by his two successes since the appearance of the weights. He stands at an attractive price and I like his prospects of winning. I shall endeavour to solve the problem, therefore, by selecting **Templestowe,** and I think **Perfect Son** will run into the first three.

The Middle Park

ALWAYS one of the greatest attractions of the Second October meeting at headquarters is the Middle Park Stakes. As a rule this race settles the question of the two-year-old championship, but it cannot do so this time, for the simple reason that Damon, the winner of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, is unfortunately not among the entries. Lord Woolavington's much talked of "dark" colt, Caledon, own brother to Coronach, is there, but it may be safer to go for one about whom we know something definite. I shall make **Call Boy** my choice. I admit that his success a fortnight ago was not brilliantly achieved, but he is a lazy customer, and I expect to see him to much better advantage on Friday. The only double event wager I have made up to the time of writing is "Templestowe and L'Aine." In investing on that combination you will have two eminently genuine and nicely handicapped candidates for the big autumn races.

TAKE ITS NUMBER!

A reminder that next week's issue will be the Motoring Number of "The Bystander," and will contain a special supplement of the Motor Show at Olympia. As well as these motoring pages, this issue will have all its usual features

Going Abroad?

THE fortunate people who can get out of England for the winter months will soon turn their attention to travelling arrangements. It will be of interest to them to know that the P.L.M. through express Calais-Vintimille is now running in connection with the 11 a.m. service from Victoria, and provides all the usual sleeping accommodation. Seats and berths on this train may be reserved in advance at the P.L.M. office at 179, Piccadilly, or at any of the usual travel agencies. Copies of the P.L.M. timetable may also be obtained gratis from this office.

The P.L.M. Company has lately published a charming little booklet by Percy Allen, entitled "Roman and Mediæval France," which describes the glorious Southern country delightfully and informatively, and gains much from the charming illustrations by Miss Helen McKie.

Birds of Paradise

THE AIR is filled with an exquisite fragrance when you sprinkle Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne on your handkerchief or hair. It is as though each drop takes wing the quicker to yield up its aromatic message.

The tiniest drop of Atkinsons imprisons the infinite charm of flowers—Neroli, Bergamot and Rosemary plucked in their prime, matured to the moment and blended with the sympathy and skill of artists.

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ATKINSONS

"GOLD MEDAL"

Eau-de-Cologne

S.H.B.

"Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend. . . . He got up, however, into the yew-tree. . . . The window was small, and had been secured by stanchions of iron. . . . long worn away by time. . . . Entrance was therefore easy. . . . while his companions . . . . were urging and threatening him . . . . his head became visible to Jenny Dennison. . . . So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she . . . . flew to . . . . a pot of kail-brose which she herself had hung on the fire . . . . and still exclaiming 'Murder! murder!—we are a' harried and ravished—the Castle's ta'en—tak it amang ye!' she discharged the whole scalding contents . . . . upon the person of the unfortunate Cuddie!"

OLD MORTALITY, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

It is possible that the philosophical Cuddie Headrigg, always appreciative of the good things of life, salved his spiritual wounds with a dram of good Highland usquebaugh. That spirit, just like its lineal descendant, comforting Black & White, was a good thing to meet in adversity. Cuddie Headrigg was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.

FEMINA

LEGS AND THE DRAMA

By "CANDIDA"

Plays date in more ways than one. According to the highbrows it's by their moral—if any; or by their morals—also if any; by the sentiments uttered or implied, and, last of all (and I give you my opinion for what it's worth), by the presence or absence of skirt. I mean, of course, the drama proper, or improper, and not those *revues* and things where there never was any dearth of legs. Last week, feeling that it was high time to be serious, I combined Tchehov and Galsworthy in one hectic week. To Tchehov I went, not because I'm an ardent admirer, but because not to have seen *The Cherry Orchard* at least three times in one's life wasn't done, that's all. And as for Galsworthy, one had heard so much, and read so much, that the least one could do was to go and see.

Why do the Intelligentsia always prefer the imported article to the British? Is it because it's easier to be clever about the things one doesn't quite understand and knows that one's ignorance is shared? Is it because one can invent subtleties which don't exist when one isn't quite sure of the facts that do? Or do outsiders really see more of the game than insiders? Anyway, I know some superior people who're quite at home with Russia—their own, particular Russia—and don't know the first thing about Brixton. To Tchehov there always flock the oddest freaks in hair and costume which obviously betoken views; for presence of views on art and life and everything nearly always means absence of *chic*.

For three hours we wallowed in the melancholy futility of living, which is so very Russian and compares favourably, I think, with the absurd uselessness of existence of the French manner. One can't reason about futility. You either feel it, or you don't, and one man's proudest ambition is to another mere pointless what-does-it-matterness. Not that I want to discuss the things of the spirit; all I'm concerned with is legs and their extraordinary influence on the atmosphere of a play. In *The Cherry Orchard* there's not a glimpse of anything of the sort. Except for two exceptions who don't count, all the ladies are like the Queen of Spain in the old story. When the Mayor of Lyons presented her Majesty, very appropriately he thought, with a dozen pairs of the best silk stockings, the Queen and suite were properly shocked. "Don't you know, my good man," they said to him, "that the Queen of Spain has no legs?" In 1890, when *The Cherry Orchard* must have happened, they hadn't any either. What clothes, thought I as I looked at the long bell skirts, the incredible sleeves and impossible waists! How could we? Dressed in things like these one couldn't but be the creature of circumstance. One couldn't help being pathetically futile.

In such clothes anything might happen; impossible heroics, *grandes passions*, miracles of devotion, incredible foolishnesses, one could imagine the lot. But try them in a modern skirt and see what happens? They simply don't come off. You can't rise to heights of theatrical emotion when you show about a mile of silk stocking. Ages hence, perhaps, when this century is old, they may not see anything incongruous about skirts to the knee and the tremendous issues of life; I can't argue the point.

To me it's obvious that the absence of heroics isn't due to the presence of legs, but that the presence of the one is a result of the absence of the other. Clothes aren't an accident that happens for no particular reason. They're the outcome of what we feel and think and do. They're a safe index to the kind of civilisation which they pretend—rather naïvely—to adorn. At the Galsworthy show they were, of course, very modern about the legs. I wouldn't even have noticed the presence of so much leg if I hadn't gone straight from *The Cherry Orchard* to Dartmoor, from futility in long skirts to common sense in breeches.

The playwright, any playwright, has got to cut his coat according to his cloth, or go back to an old-fashioned pattern if he doesn't like the stuff. Frocks, as I saw them at the shows last week, still stop at the knee, and, though they're just as charming as can be, success is as much a question of the knees you happened to be born with as of the price you can afford to pay for what flutters above them. It's hard on the dressmaker people. They've given it out for so long that women are no good at all without beautiful clothes, and that all an ambitious young creature had to do was to pay for the work of their brains and they did the rest. But now that knees have crept into the scheme it's impossible to take the whole credit.

Hence I'm amused by the shining light in Paris who predicts a great future for his new ankle-length skirts and waists and other atrocities. It's so easy to believe what you would like to believe. If such things could be, what a harvest for the dressmaker people who haven't dared to suggest a new shape for years! Who've hidden their impotence under a show of authority in which no one believed, least of all they themselves. If such things could be—but life being what it is—they can't.

BACK FROM THE CAPE

A recent photograph of Miss Jean Webster Brough, who has recently returned from South Africa. She has been leading lady in Owen Nares's company, which has had a most successful season in the Union

RECENTLY ENGAGED *Sasha*

A new portrait of Miss Gertrude Mary Bellingham, whose engagement to Mr. Ronald Derwent Hawker, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Hawker, of Runton Old Hall, Cromer, has been announced. She is the only daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Edward Bellingham, Bt., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Bellingham, of Castle Bellingham, Co. Louth, Ireland

Isn't There Any Romance?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"The football season has started"

LONDON, *October* 11.

DEAR COUSIN—

Is there any romance left in life? No, I don't mean for you and me, because, of course, we're incurable romantics, but for just the ordinary everyday person you meet in the street or at a tea-party who's heard of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton, but not yet of Mr. Aldous Huxley or Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. And only of the scintillating Sitwells because one of 'em simply terribly annoyed actors the other day by saying they were so gentlemanly or respectable or something, though why not?

BUT these ordinary everyday people that one meets . . . have they any romance in their lives? Those dull and elderly-looking persons, for instance, sitting about in the stalls at the theatre—haven't they any history at all? (Which is said, of course, to be a very happy condition for a country, but not altogether quite so enthralling, perhaps, for even moderately bright not quite young people.) Answer of a sort to which question or query being provided the other night in a Repertory Players' Sunday show at the Strand Theatre—play by Mr. Monckton Hoffe, who's certainly not one of the drab-and-dreary ones of this world's somewhat chequered selection of personalities and things. And methinks he's got to know quite a fair amount somehow about Life's little lights and shades.

NO romance, groans the would-be romantic dramatic author in this rather wonderful thing that the writer's somewhat modestly or skilfully called *The Unnamed Play*. Nothing happens to them ever (sighs and snorts the romantic author) and that's why they won't ever come to my really good serious plays, but dash off and simply wallow in tinkling tosh like *Snip-Snap* or *Mr. Cochlot's* 1926 *Revue* instead.

HERE'S an architect and his wife, *par exemple*, who've come to see the big theatre boss about letting him their Bourne End cottage for the summer. A dull couple, obviously, and when tackled by the romantic author (charming Mr. Frank Vosper) they just say, "Oh, yes, we get along all right, thank you. We don't owe for rent, and pay the local tradesmen and all that sort of thing. No, no children—we lost one daughter some years ago." And that's all. But quite enough, methinks, what?

"Dull and elderly-looking persons"

AND then, dear Cousin, all of a sudden, in the most insinuating way in the world (I do hope I shall see it again soon, but I sure think it's bound to "come West") you find yourself just at the precise moment when the allegedly dull architect (who's Mr. Henry Oscar) and his wife, *alias* Clare Harris, meet at the old Earl's Court Exhibition about the year One, where he quite shamelessly picks her up and snatches her from the arms of another young man. And then they're excitingly married at a Registry Office, he being a clerk of sorts at £2 10*s.* a week, and she also in business at invoicing or something.

"Winter's Approach"

AND then, after all sorts of ups and downs, they slide into smooth water—they'd love to travel in the East and have some real excitement, but there isn't time—and then, there we find ourselves back in the *impresario's* office, and they're being given tickets for a box at *Chit-Chat* or *Mr. Charlan's* 1926 *Show* because they have such frivolous, futile tastes and don't really want to be worried by any of these serious tragic things.

A WHOLE philosophy here, *n'est-ce pas?*, dear Cousin, or the explanation of a philosophy. Romance . . . yes,

Romance brings up the 9.15,

as Mr. Kipling or some one said, doesn't it? But do we so terribly want to talk about it when it's there? Can it be, I wonder, that the real awful urge for romance comes from those who've never had it and are never likely to? Yes, I rather trow it's just poss., though having no *absolument* certain and official information on that point.

YOU know, I don't believe authors *or* managers really need be the very *least* bit frightened of shocking their audiences these days, *or* the Lord Chamberlain, for that matter. Judging, I mean, by some of the plays that are now, as you might say, calmly and successfully pursuing their uncensored course.

THERE'S the real new honest-to-goodness

(Continued on page 146)

The First Tinge of Autumn

TO all, the first scarlet tinge on the autumn leaves is a danger signal. Protect the skin from harsh winds and rain by using *Pond's Vanishing Cream* before going out of doors and from time to time during the day. Then when you come in after a long exposure, soothe and cleanse with *Pond's Cold Cream.* Do this always at night before you retire to rest.

Those to whom tell-tale lines and wrinkles are beginning to announce the approach of the Autumn of life, will find that the regular use of Pond's Two Creams retards the signs of age by rejuvenating the skin and making it smooth and supple—particularly if the use of *Pond's Cold Cream* every night is combined with massage as directed in Pond's Home Massage Chart given free with every tube.

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"To Soothe and Smooth your Skin"

Pond's Vanishing and Cold Creams

103

Charlot Show of 1926 at the Prince of Wales for one—not that I'd ever suggest for one single second that it ever oversteps the mark—no, no! But there *are* times . . especially in that *very* nice little broadcasting scene, when the conversations get mixed up and you hear about the ladies who wear nothing but two feathers and exactly where they wear 'em—oh! pure misunderstanding, of course, on your part if you think what your're thinking, but there it is, and that's that, and very nice (or should I say naughty?) and amusing, too. But *entre nous,* dear Cousin, really do think this is just about *the* brightest *and* most entertaining of all the shows at this present moment proceeding in this modern Babylon of ours.

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Just two things, anyway, herein you simply *must* see, or you positively won't have *lived.* One's the collar-stud ballet, where Mr. Mundin, having lost same while dressing for dinner, is helped in all sorts of *pas seuls* and things by the entire company to find it, including Mr. Anton Dolin (such a sweet Russian dancer from Ireland, whose real name is O'Brien or something), and finally has to be turned upside down because it'd fallen down his back all the time. And that gala night at Galashiels, when the bonnie Scots all turn up at the local "Frolics" and recklessly dance to the seductive strains of the harr-monium—ye hae got to see it tae believe it, and then a doot if it isn't almost too good to be true.

In Sunny Italy

卐

So there *are* a few joys left, you see, even for us who lead the urban life, while idle people like you wallow in the gorgeous sunninesses of Italy. And even if the football season *has* started (sad signal of fell winter's approach), there's lots of quite amusing things happening, like Mr. H. G. Wells's rude remarks about people in his latest book, and the boom in emeralds (hast any?), and of course *toujours* and more important than all the imminent not to say essential purchase of autumn *plus* winter frocks.

卐

Which last, by the way, are rather pleasingly set forth, some of them, in that new show of Mr. Cochran's, *The Merry-Go-Round,* that they started at the Troc. "Supper-time" last week. So nice, too, to see the *mannequins* actually *dancing* in the new frocks and furs—makes 'em seem almost well-nigh human for once.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette.

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The Golden Stare

THE GRIM NECESSITY OF WORK

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THIS is a gloomy essay. It is almost worthy of a mediæval dean, inflicting his dreary philosophy upon a bored assembly, in order to extract a manufactured emotion from the sickness of his anæmic surroundings.

None of us want to work. Our natural tendencies are all towards pleasure and work follows as pain. That, however, is the unpleasant, if natural, consequence of creation; otherwise we should not be born.

Women can always justify their claims to existence, because without them men could never evolve. Men can only justify their existence by works of creative art and productivity, and the attempted betterment of their primitive species.

The intelligent individualist must necessarily detest the degrading serfdom of military conscription, where manhood becomes the clod of vicarious sacrifice; but the conscription of industrial units under equally unintelligent leadership is almost as great a menace. Where does progression lie in this Robotish servitude?

The ego of creation is dormant in every man. To progress he must express himself to the utmost of his individuality. The creative artist could never survive upon forming fours, or upon working only from nine to five—a perfunctory slave—doing bad work mechanically.

It is all a matter of choice. The slave may choose the chains of minimum hours and perpetual unintelligent serfdom, and the protected slacker may choose the curse of ineffective boredom, but the instinctive producer will always demand unlimited freedom for his mental energy.

The clod and the artist are alike in their detestation of work, but the artist appreciates the joy of achievement.

* * * * * *

The firm of Pope & Bradley has achieved success chiefly because every man in its employ is paid by the results of his individual effort. It is a system of specialised piecework, and not deplorable timework. If the timework system were used, the price would be about thirty guineas for each suit instead of Lounge Suits and Overcoats from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

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DISCOVERY! You keep on finding a new kind of chocolate in the Goodwood assortment. After Piped Cherry you try Crème au Rhum, then, subduing your desire to eat all *the Caramel Pâtes, you linger over the Raspberry Toffee wondering if the Pineapple fondant is as good. You find that it is . . . . .*

But you must count seventeen before you've tasted all the delights in the orange-and-gold box of Goodwood!

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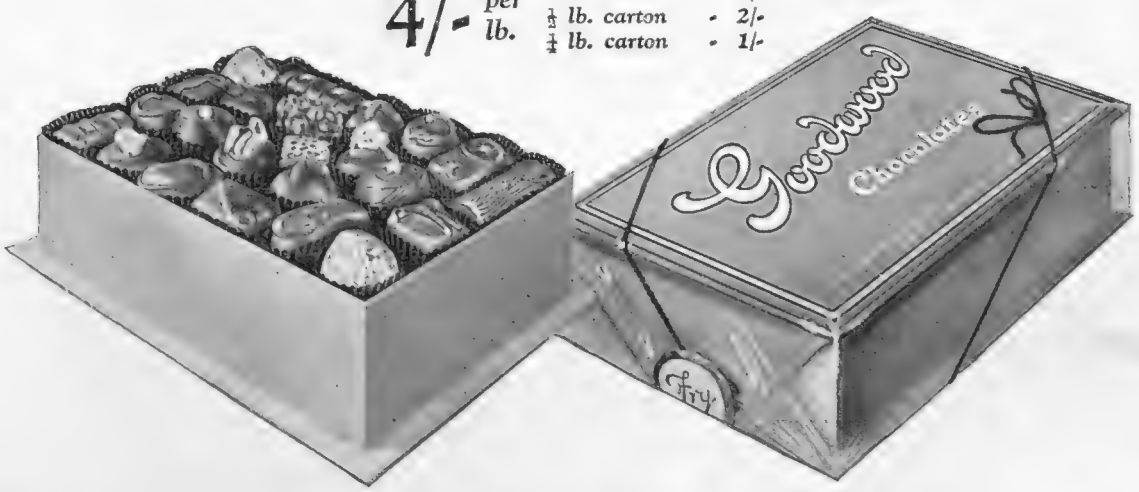

S-G 54A

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

OBJECTIONABLE BLIND LEADS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"If it had not been for that first lead of yours we should have saved the game and rubber."

How often does one hear that remark in a card room? Since so much frequently depends on the initial blind lead, it is a pity that more players do not give a little time and thought to the matter.

It is not sufficient to know by heart the conventional table of leads. It is necessary to consider the position and to recognise why certain opening leads which are frequently made are hopelessly bad.

I am assuming that you are in the position of having no good lead. Your partner had made no bid to guide you, and you do not hold any of the sequences or combinations which you understand. What are you to do? You can't say, "I refuse to lead"; or you can say it, but no one will take any notice. You have got to start with something. Let me tell you what to avoid.

* * * * *

The principle to guide you in your initial blind lead is, if possible, to lead a card which will not cause you or your partner to sacrifice any possible trick. Therefore—

(1) *Avoid opening from a three-card suit headed by King or Queen.*

This lead is, for some reason or other, a favourite lead with mediocre players. They hate leading suits in which they hold no winners. If you lead from a three suit King high and your partner has the Ace or Queen, no harm may be done. But if he has not, it may well happen that you give away a trick in the suit unnecessarily.

(2) *Avoid a strengthening card in a weak suit.*

This is also a very popular lead. Yet the chances are two to one that you establish the suit for the Declarer by making your partner play out his winning card.

E.g., you hold Queen and two others. You lead the Queen as a strengthening card. Your partner holds the Ace, and Dummy has no honour. Declarer holds King, Jack, etc. You have thrown away a trick by the lead. The same applies often to a lead of the Jack from Jack to three. The lead is also bad, as your partner may mistake it for a doubleton.

* * * * *

(3) *Avoid a doubleton lead when you have only two little trumps.*

A doubleton is very seldom successful unless you are able to stop the trump lead at least once. Its two chief objections are: (*a*) it may make your partner sacrifice a probable trick, (*b*) it establishes the suit for the Declarer by taking out your partner's winning cards in the suit.

These objections apply also to a singleton lead, but whereas a singleton lead has some chance of success a doubleton has little or none. You invite your partner either to give up command of the suit or to sacrifice a probable trick for the sake of a problematic ruff on the third round, by which time it is more than probable Declarer will have extracted your trumps.

* * * * *

A very popular blind lead with poor players is to open with a trump. This is an old Whist principle: "When in doubt lead trumps." It is argued by the upholders of this lead that, as the Declarer is presumably strong in trumps and must make them, there can be no harm in leading them. But this is a fallacy. More often than not by opening trumps you are playing the Declarer's game and possibly killing winners in your partner's hand.

A TENNIS PAPER.—The vast number of people who play, or who are interested in the "Tennis Game," will find the September number of *Tennis Illustrated* fascinating reading. The contents contain a list of contributors who are famous in the tennis world, including F. R. Burrow, Commander Hillyard, R.N., A. E. Beamish, and H. S. Scrivener, who is well known to *Bystander* readers.

HALITOSIS

A tremendous social and commercial handicap

The causes from which halitosis (bad breath) springs may be either deep rooted or trifling, but it is very certain that its effects can be disastrous. And it is doubly unfortunate that the sufferer from halitosis is always the very last one to be aware of it.

Its effects socially are distressing. You are shunned—delicately, kindly, perhaps, but none the less definitely. Intimate and personal meeting is carefully avoided. Friendships cool strangely. You find yourself left alone . . . .

In business, halitosis is found to be a very real handicap. One does not seem to get on. One feels keenly the same "banishment"—a serious disadvantage in business.

The cause of halitosis is an affair between your doctor and yourself. But, meanwhile, you should lose no time in putting an end to its devastating effects. This is the easiest thing in the world. With every bottle of Milton—which your chemist has—are clear and concise directions for finding immediate relief from halitosis.

CAREERS for GIRLS

GOING TO THE DOGS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

A CORRESPONDENT who describes herself as "one of four girls who love Dogs as much as they love THE BYSTANDER," has been much moved by an interesting account which recently appeared in a daily paper of a London Dog Hospital, its nurses, routine, and excellent general organisation. "We don't feel competent to make a business of Dog-breeding, but are much attracted by the nursing idea. Would you agree that any girl with industry and enterprise, having money enough to get a couple of rooms and put a card in the window, could soon make a profit of £300 a year; and if so, would two or three such girls make £600 or £900?"

This is not really the sort of question to be answered with a bald yes or no; but if that were compulsory "The Kennelman" would choose the negative on the safety-first principle. The wonderful recent increase in Dog-keeping has without a doubt created many attractive openings for suitable seekers after jobs connected with the care of Dogs; particularly, perhaps, for women, and especially for nursing and boarding. But "any girl with industry and enterprise"—no, that's a bit too sweeping.

Dog-fancying has grown into something much more than a hobby. In this country to-day it is a big industry in which millions of capital are involved and thousands of experts are engaged—if one includes the different trades and enterprises dependent upon it, that is. The business activities connected with it are subject to the same hazards as other businesses, and make similar demands on those who seek profit in them; the first of all is that, to succeed, you must know your job, and pursue it with skill as well as enthusiasm.

This much it's safe to say: In big centres, notably in and near London, there are excellent openings, first-rate sporting chances of profit, for the right sort of girls (men, too), not only in the nursing of Dogs, but in the skilled provision of board and lodging, grooming, exercising, training, preparation for show, buying and selling, and the like. But the folk who pay the piper—and there are plenty willing to pay—demand genuine and expert skill for their money, and can't be expected to pay simply for energy, and the qualification—necessary though that is—of being "fond of" Dogs. If your "any girl with industry," etc., is level-headed and *fully equipped technically*, the £300 a year ambition is by no means out of the way; easier of attainment in this direction, perhaps, than in a good many others one reads of. But the skill and knowledge must be there; and the old apprenticeship idea is the only way of putting it there. The textbooks can be helpful; but practical experience is essential.

The soundest plan is to give a year to working for someone else; and, after a few months, anyhow, it's quite possible to "earn while you learn." Study the doggy advertisements, and publish one of your own, for an opening as kennelmaid or assistant. The important point is not the pay, but getting all-round work in really good kennels, preferably where several breeds are cultivated by well-established owners. Later, try for a place under a Vet. with a good practice as canine specialist. Some such run a Dog hospital, hard, practical work which provides invaluable education. Given good health, good sense, and a real interest in Dogs, a year's experience on these lines really will qualify girl or man to earn a profitable living as an independent practitioner; and a very interesting and congenial life it is

WONDERFUL VALUE IN
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The dainty and attractive Tea Frock illustrated is made from rich heavy quality crêpe de Chine to meet the demand for inexpensive and becoming garments at moderate prices. It is of excellent workmanship, and at the price marked is of exceptional value.

ATTRACTIVE TEA FROCK (*as sketch*) in rich quality crêpe de Chine, cut with plain bodice and skirt gauged on either side, the bow and long ends forming a centre trimming. In black, ivory and a variety of fashionable colours.

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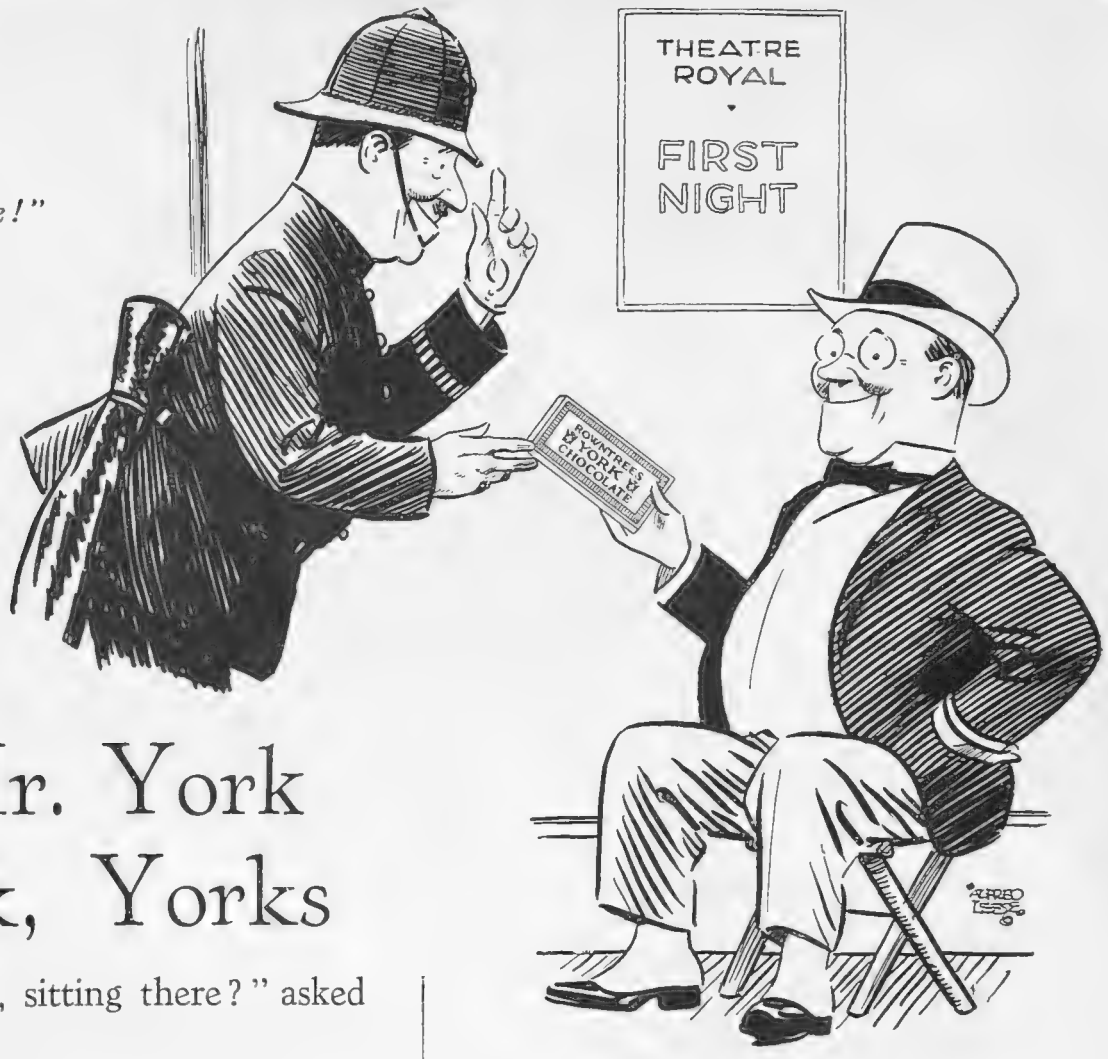
"It takes two to make a queue!"



I'm Plain Mr. York *of* York, Yorks

"Who are you, sitting there?" asked the policeman.

"I'm a queue," explained Mr. York of York, Yorks.

"You can't be a queue," said the policeman, doubtfully, "at least, not an official queue. It takes more than one man to make a queue. But aren't you hungry?"

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. York, smiling. "You see, I always carry this plain chocolate—Plain York. It's so good and so nourishing, you can go for hours on it."

"Just the thing for me," thought the policeman.

Mr. York, being a bit of a psycho-analyst, read the policeman's thoughts. "Have a bit," he said, "just on the queue-tee."

"Don't mind if I do," said the policeman.

"Sit down then," said Mr. York, "it takes two to make a queue."

"I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks,
And it's hard to find rhymes for my talks,
But I've heard people state
That for plain chocolate
I've got 'em all beat by long chalks."

ASK AT THE SHOP FOR ROWNTREE'S

PLAIN YORK

CHOCOLATE

the latest, most splendid eating chocolate.

½ lb. cakes, 1/-; and 6d. cakes, 2d. bars, etc.

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Plain, with Almonds and Raisins (red label), ½ lb. 1/1 ... 1 lb. 2/2;
Milk with Almonds and Raisins (blue label), ½ lb. 1/2 ... 1 lb. 2/4.

MOTOR NOTES

On Friday next week the 20th International Motor Exhibition, organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., under the patronage of H.M. the King, opens at Olympia, London, and will remain open until October 22. The Exhibition will be made up of six sections, the Motor Car section, comprising 98 British, French, American, Canadian, Italian, Belgian, and Austrian exhibitors, the Coachwork section of 63 exhibitors, the Tyre section made up of 22 manufacturers, and Accessory and Component section, which includes the products of no fewer than 331 firms, Press section of eleven publishing companies, and seven Associations. The stands cover no fewer than 180,000 square feet of floor space, while the frontage of the exhibits, including the gangways, is approximately 3½ miles in length. The price of admission is 5s. on each day with the exception of Fridays and Saturdays, when the charge is 2s. 6d.

***

Different types of cars give one different points of view as regards the pleasures of motoring, but it is undoubtedly a fact that the latest Rolls-Royce gives one the most complete enjoyment. The manufacturers have always had the ideal of making a car just as good as is humanly possible, but they are never satisfied with their product, with the result that each succeeding series has a number of small refinements which many manufacturers would scarcely consider necessary, but which Rolls-Royce, Ltd., consider essential for the service of their customers. The latest "New Phantom," on which I carried out an extended run the other day, possesses numerous small refinements as compared with its predecessor, and wonderful as was the running of the last model, the latest is even more refined. The fascination of driving a Rolls-Royce seems to lie in the fact that the car almost appears to be endowed with human intelligence, and apparently anticipates the wishes of the driver and carries them out automatically. It is a car which requires less effort to drive than any I have handled.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

A 3-litre Sunbeam car making light of a "hair-pin" bend in Howton Hause. Ullswater is seen in the background

***

The "New Phantom" does its work in the most unobtrusive manner. The makers have secured practically absolute silence of operation even on the lower gears. There is no sense of the powerful engine beneath the bonnet, yet so great is its reserve of power that it will drive the heavy car from about four to over 80 m.p.h. It is a marvellous hill-climber on top gear, and the lower gears are really useful when required. The braking system is as near perfection as can be imagined. The servo system is so nicely balanced that the brakes

(*Continued on page 154*)

Patron: His Majesty The King.

Organised by The Society of Motor Manufacturers & Traders Ltd

The World's Largest Display of Private Cars, Carriage Work, Components and Accessories, Tyres and Equipment.

20th. International MOTOR EXHIBITION

Oct. 22-30

Daily 10 till 10

ADMISSION: Fridays & Saturdays 2/6; Other Days 5/-

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Furniture Coverings, etc., exemplify the best values that can be obtained anywhere. *For example :*

Hamptons' "Warwick" Tissue K9768. 50 in. wide, **16/9** yard. A beautiful printed Tissue, copied from an old piece of bead-work. An ideal fabric for old world furnishings. Chintz colourings on natural ground. Also printed in shades of blue, and brown.

Hamptons' No. K9763. "Swanley" Cretonne. A charming fruit design printed on a heavy cotton. In chintz colours on grounds of beige, orange, blue, and black. Suitable for curtains and loose covers. 30 in. wide - - - - - - - - - - - **3/11 yd.**

Hamptons' No. K9792. "Deccan" Velour in 25 beautiful colours guaranteed unfadable. A charming fabric for Winter Curtains. 48 in. wide - - - - - - - - - - - - - **6/6 yd.**

Hamptons' No. K9396. Lustre Cord, guaranteed unfadable. Shot Repp in 12 rich colours. An ideal fabric for Curtains and Loose Covers. 50 in. wide - - - - - - - - - - - **9/6 yd.**

Hamptons' No. K9834. "Denbigh" Linen Plush, guaranteed unfadable. A very rich fabric woven in a heavy quality, in 14 exclusive colours. 50 in. wide - - - - - - **12/9 yd.**

Hamptons' No. K9775. "Hereford" Damask. A reproduction from a 17th century design, woven with a shot weft which gives an antique effect. On grounds of wine colour, green, purple, and blue. Guaranteed unfadable. 50 in. wide - - **14/9 yd.**

Hamptons' K9785. "Nankin" Damask. A Chinese Blue and Gold Design, woven with a mixture of artificial silk. Also in petunia, black, mauve, and green. Admirably suited for hangings and coverings with lacquer furniture. Guaranteed unfadable. 50 in. wide **10/9 yd.**

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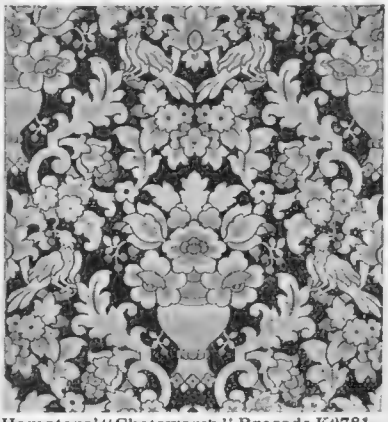

Hamptons' "Chatsworth" Brocade K9781. 50in. wide, **21/-** yard. A 17th century design, woven with a mixture of artificial silk and cotton, which imparts a very rich tone. Produced on a groundwork of pale green, blue, nigger brown, black, and petunia. Guaranteed unfadable.

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OPPENHEIMER'S 10/6

THE GRAPHIC

ONE SHILLING

for October 16 will contain, in addition to the usual features :

A page drawing in colour of

THE HISTORIC "MOP FAIR"

at Stratford-on-Avon, on October 12.

A picturesque view in colour of

FALAISE, THE "HOME TOWN" OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

the 860th anniversary of whose victory at Senlac is celebrated on October 14.

THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH STATE LOTTERIES

A collection of interesting old prints illustrating the gambling fever 100 years ago, with an article by ARTHUR MACHEN.

are under full control of the driver through the whole of their action. The steering is remarkably light for a car of this size and weight, while a most generous turning circle is provided. For general comfort, good performance, and easy control the Rolls-Royce well deserves its world known name for luxurious perfection.

***

THE reductions in the price of tyres which have recently been announced will be welcomed by all motorists who have to study carefully the cost of their pastime. Nowadays, modern tyres have such an extremely long life that it often happens that the owner of a car disposes of it before the first set of tyres is worn out. Thus the advantages of the reduced replacement cost will be shared by the purchaser of the second-hand car.

***

THE magnetos used by Sir Alan Cobham, K.B.E., on his flight to Australia and back are the identical two B.T.H. magnetos which he used on his previous flight to Cape Town. To start for Australia with the same magnetos which had experienced such severe conditions as those of the Cape Town flight is evidence of the pilot's very great confidence in this small but essential part of his equipment. The success of the flight shows how well placed was this confidence.

***

FOR next season the popular car which has hitherto been known as the Fiat Seven will be called the Fiat 9 h.p. This change has been rendered necessary owing to the fact that many prospective purchasers have been under the impression that the car was of diminutive dimensions with a performance to correspond. This, of course, is not the case, and the new title should do much to remove this misapprehension. Fiat prices have been generally reduced for the coming season, and the models to be marketed are the 9 h.p., the 12 h.p., the 15-20 h.p., the 20-30 h.p. six-cylinder and the 40 h.p. six-cylinder.

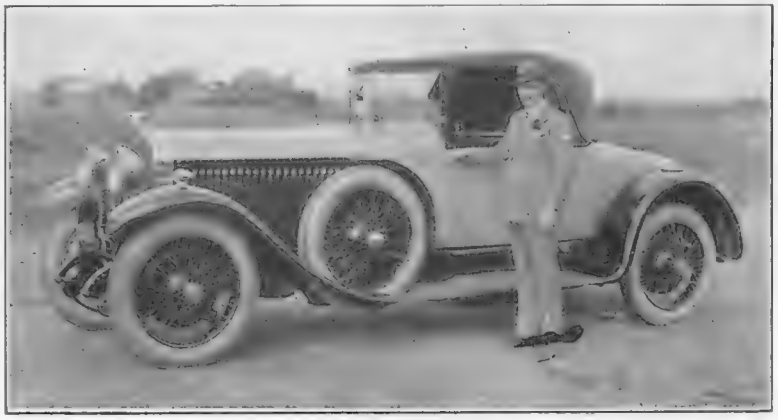
***

ANYONE interested in pressed steel work should visit the Hudson-Essex works on the Great West Road. The intricacy of the complicated sections to be turned out for the all-steel bodies have to be seen to be believed, and although those displayed at the British works are not to be compared with the numerous and enormous ones to be found at the American plant, those on view will give an idea of the vastness of the problem and the success with which it has been solved.

***

THE Vauxhall 14-40 h.p. is one of the most attractive of the medium-sized saloons. The engine is comparatively lightly taxed, the running costs are low, yet in spite of the size, weight, and comfort of the body, the car has a very lively performance and is a real pleasure to drive. There is none of that sluggishness or heavy feeling such as one often experiences with a medium-sized saloon. The acceleration is particularly good, and when correct use is made of the gear box very fast hill-climbing can be carried out. At the same time the top gear performance, even on the steepest hills, is remarkably good.

GEORGE C. STEAD



A FILM ACTOR'S CAR

Mr. Carlyle Blackwell, the well-known film actor, photographed with his 37·2 Hispano-Suiza. The car is painted black and yellow and has Triplex glass throughout and was supplied to Mr. Blackwell by Messrs. Hooper and Co.

Winning the "200"

Photo. Courtesy the "Motor."

Major H. O. D. Segrave piloting his victorious "Talbot Special" into first place at the Junior Car Club's 200 Miles Race at Brooklands

on

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HB.1745 *Black Satin Court Shoe, leather lined, made on a special last to prevent slipping at heel. Full Louis XV heel. Sizes and ½-sizes in 3 different fittings. Best value in London.* **16/9**
Also in White Satin, suitable for dyeing **18/9**

HB.1880 *Black Satin one Bar Shoe, leather lined, snug fitting, ideal for dancing. Full Louis XV heel. Sizes and ½-sizes, in 3 different fittings .. ..* **18/9**

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Special Dyeing Facilities: We have developed a special service in dyeing any fabric shoes you select, to any desired shade, and do so within twenty-four hours, at a charge of 5/- per pair. We will also, if you wish, dye silk stockings to match the shoes, at 3/- per pair.

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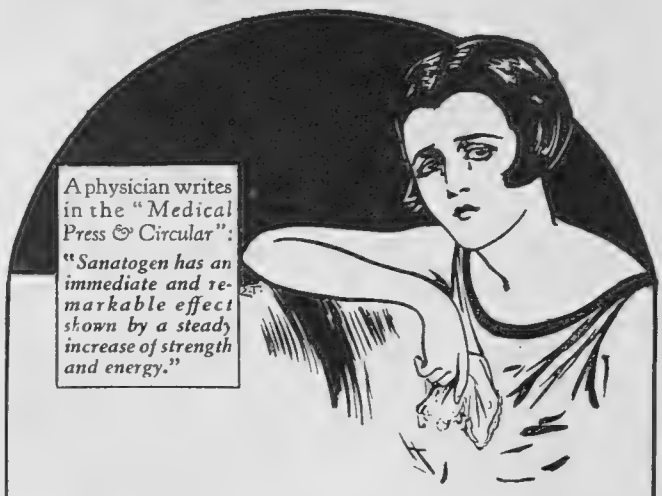
℗ 111



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Hullo! What's the trouble—Nerves?

"Now really, is there anything to cry about?"

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"Yes, so I see. But crying without any real cause can only mean one thing: Nerves. You should try Sanatogen for a few weeks. It will brace you up wonderfully and once your nerves and blood are right you will feel yourself again—more disposed to laugh than to cry. And it will give you new appetite too, and bring colour to your cheeks. It has done that very thing for me."

Sanatogen infuses into the cells of blood and nerves exactly those elements — phosphorus and albumin—from which bodily health and nerve-strength are derived. Over 24,000 physicians have written enthusiastic letters about the success they obtained with Sanatogen.

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REMARKABLY FINE POSITION AT SIDMOUTH.
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NICE MODERN RESIDENCE with drive, and standing in grounds of about 1 acre. Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.

Electric light. Central heating. Company's water. Main drainage. Gas available.

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BETWEEN CHESHAM AND TRING.

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Two garages and outbuildings.

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LOVELY OLD GARDENS.

With tennis lawn, herbaceous borders, a wonderful rose garden, kitchen gardens, orchard and grassland.

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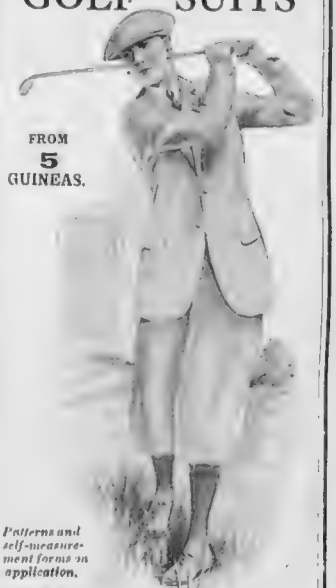

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Air at rest is the best non-conductor of heat or cold, it insulates any body against outside temperatures.

The scientific weave of AERTEX fabric provides a mantle of air, imprisoned in thousands of tiny cells. This wonder weave is the reason why AERTEX garments prevent chills on cold days and keep the body cool when the temperature rises.

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Perfume 4/6, 8/-, 18/6
Face Powder 1/6, 2/6
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Send 1/- P.O. for miniature casket of Le Jade Specialities to Roger & Gallet (London), Ltd., 14, Poland Street, London, W.1

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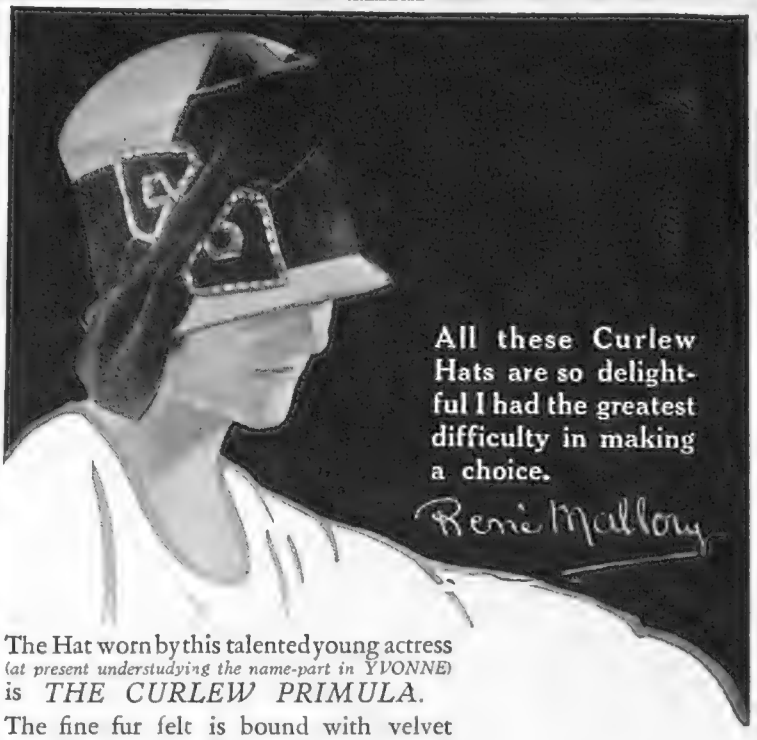

The Hat worn by this talented young actress *(at present understudying the name-part in YVONNE)* is *THE CURLEW PRIMULA.*
The fine fur felt is bound with velvet and the petersham ribbon trimming adds to its distinction. And it is——

as - charming - as - its - name!

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UNEXPENSIVE ELEGANCE

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Branches at Leicester, Cardiff, Swansea and Carmarthen.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART FELTS FOR AUTUMN WEAR
GROUND FLOOR. MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Fur Felt Hat *with the new soft crown tied with felt bow. In all the new Autumn colours. In small, medium, and large sizes.*

PRICE ***29/6***

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE BEAUTY OF SQUIRREL

A charming coat of grey squirrel by Harrods, of Brompton Road. The skins are arranged at the sides to have a cleverly concealed pleat, and the garment is lined with crêpe de Chine

Sketch by Helen Havers

The Cape-coat in Fur Wraps

THE familiar slogan, "Get it at Harrods," Brompton Road, S.W., is particularly applicable to furs this season. The model coats here should be seen, and without any delay, since not only do they express the last word, but all are of exclusive design and made on the premises, thus ensuring sound skins and workmanship. A really sensational offer is a range of fine quality seal coney coats, trimmed with every kind of contrasting pelts, that commence in price at 11 guineas. More than one of these models embodies the fashionable little sling cape; a notably handsome example carries ands of moleskin, while a long slim coat minus a cape has a deep, shaped hem in front and long revers collar of Tasmanian opossum. And yet another accorded a cape finish was handsomely trimmed with real skunk, and lined throughout, as are the majority, with *crêpe de Chine* to tone. Unquestionably fine value, too, is apparent in the model illustrated of selected grey squirrel, the skins effectively worked and arranged at the sides to have a cleverly concealed pleat. Harrods' price for this elegant garment, lined with grey *crêpe de Chine*, is only 69 guineas. And all the sums quoted, it will be clearly understood, apply to coats made to measure and under the personal supervision of the experts at Harrods.

Suède on the Spot

JUST as we are beginning to conjecture what we should get to replace the thin silk *culottes*, worn during the summer months, for greater warmth, Leather Craft, Malvern, has entered the arena with the very thing. The world of women will very shortly not only be talking of, but wearing, the "Gazelda" featherweight knickers, that weigh only 4½ ounces and therefore fall in with the demand for the minimum amount of underclothing. Specifically described as ideal for sports, shipboard, and golf, there really seems no valid reason why these garments should not be worn generally. They are weatherproof and wearproof, but not airproof, hence their hygienic value. Furthermore, they can be washed and boiled without the least damage, towards which admirable end they are produced in only two natural shades, chamois and a very pale beige. Manufactured by, and obtainable only from, Leather Craft, the cost is 52*s.* 6*d.* the pair. The firm's London showrooms are 13, 14, and 17, Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge.

All the Latest Fashions in Felt Hats

SINCE hats must either match the coat or gown, or some contrast in the latter, the expenditure exacted by millinery is becoming a knotty problem with many of us. With crowns almost anything can be done provided they are deep enough, a particular favourite having a sloping or drawn-back appearance. This effect—and it is quite persuasive in its way—is shown in one of the models sketched at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W., in the ready-to-wear department. It is of fur felt and hand made, the narrow brim in front underbound to keep it firm, gradually widening towards the back, where it is thrown up in an original sloping line. Trimmed with a band of Petersham ribbon, the sole decoration these amusing shapes seem to need, the price is 25*s.* 9*d.*—a sum that will tempt many women to have more than one.

Just now there are felts and felts, the excessive demand accounting for a good deal of rubbish being sold; so only at a really sound establishment such as this is it safe to touch hats at what may be termed popular prices. For instance, there is a range to be seen in these *salons* at 12*s.* 11*d.* in many and various shapes. They are well worth looking into; although that applies to all the millinery here, much of which is supplied in several head fittings, and likewise embodies styles suitable to older women who cannot adopt extreme modes. More or

NEW IDEAS IN HATS

Two piquant hats by D. H. Evans, of Oxford Street. The upper model is of hand-made fur felt with a dented crown. The lower, with an original, sloping crown, is also of fur felt, trimmed with Petersham ribbon

Sketches by Helen Havers

AN INNOVATION FOR THE WINTER

These *culottes* of "Gazelda," the featherweight suède, are ideal for cold weather. They are made by Leather Craft, 13, 14 and 17, Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge

Sketch by Betty Nisbet

less of this character is the other pictured example, another hand-made fur felt, with dented crown and a slightly wider brim, priced at 39*s.* 6*d.*

Stockings and Shoes

THE importance attached and attention paid to these dress accessories wanes not at all. Together with that immaculately shingled and waved or shinily brushed head they can make or mar a toilette. The dark blue shoe that is *de rigueur* in Paris with gown or costume of that colour has much to commend it, worn with either nude or smoke-grey silk stockings. Some of these shoes are finely piped with black patent leather and have high Cuban heels, others, of blue antelope, the fronts cut deep, are finished with an octagonal buckle.

There are rumours of gaiters made to match dresses, also the possible wear of high riding boots for muddy weather. The Russian, of course, is dead; that was completely done in by cheapness, although it is early just yet to speak of such footgear. Satin sandal shoes to match the gown are creeping more and more into favour. Girls who dance much find them far more comfortable than any other. For general wear there is a tentative revival of the very pale brown satin, the colour of *café au lait*, with more milk than coffee, or perhaps treacle better describes the shade. Anyway, it goes especially well with black dance frocks, the stockings much paler, though toned. The only coloured stocking that seems to have caught on at all is the very palest green.

The Long Unbroken Line

THAT this is the underlying principle of the modern slim, *souple* figure, and the delightfully artistic style of dress it shows off to such perfection tells its own story in the Bien Jolie *corsette*, a foundation garment that for simplicity, ease, and the comfortable support that is afforded without the wearer realising it, has never been surpassed. It is a real pleasure to extol the merits of so thoroughly admirable an article and without the slightest fear of having the commendation criticised. As there are various types of figures, so are there certain slight differences in the Bien Jolie *corsette*. The example illustrated is especially devised to impart the requisite beauty of line to the full average or heavy form. Towards this end it is lightly but skilfully boned, and has knitted elastic side sections that are particularly kind to generous figures, according them a slim, youthful contour.

The actual model shown is of the best quality floral brocade, No. 6,323, and retails at 47*s.* 6*d.*, which brings the reminder that Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, are holding a special display of living models from the 18th to the 22nd inst. during the hours of eleven to twelve in the mornings and three to four in the afternoons, when all will be able to judge for themselves the value of each individual garment.

PERFECTION OF LINE

The Bien Jolie corset, No. 6323, which is made of best quality floral brocade. From the 13th to the 22nd of this month, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, are holding special displays of these corsets twice daily on living models

A Dress Show in a Good Cause

IN close proximity to St. George's Hospital, Marcelle, Knightsbridge, conceived the bright idea of holding a dress show in aid of that heavily strained place for the sick, at the Hyde Park Hotel. The profits on all orders taken went to the hospital, and a small

(*Continued on page* x)

Miss Joan Fry playing on an "All Weather" Hard Court.

GAZE'S

GREEN "ALL WEATHER"

HARD TENNIS COURTS

Have many advantages, frost affects them very little, binds well, occasional rolling and very little watering required.

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It's positively amazing. By the discovery of the Telesmatic System of Sound Reproduction, now embodied in a new Tone Arm, a remodelled Dulciflex Amplifier and an entirely new Sound Box, the Decca has been improved out of all knowledge.

Remember the grand volume of the old Decca, its tone, its clearness? Well, the new telesmatic Decca is infinitely louder, infinitely more natural in tone, infinitely clearer. Really, there is no comparison in musical quality between the old and the new Decca, even though in appearance and in portability there is practically no difference. The new Decca is just as light, weighs just the same, is just the same size—so it is just as easily taken with you—and though so greatly improved there has been no increase in price.

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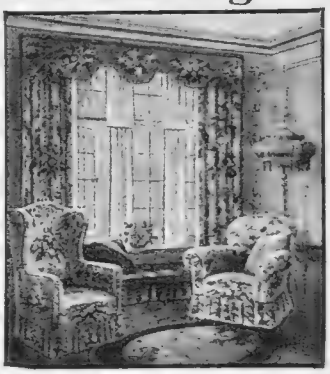

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DAINTY AND INEXPENSIVE CAMI KNICKER IN CRÊPE DE CHINE

ATTRACTIVE Cami Knicker (as sketch) in pure silk crêpe de chine, long straight line with panels of cream lace insertion and flat pleats; the lace is also inserted at foot of hip line, finished at top and hem with rouleaux of crêpe.

Colours: Pink, white, black, lemon, peach, mauve, pervanche, green and cyclamen.

PRICE **25/9**

CAP (as sketch) in cream lace and coloured feather pom pom at side.

Price **10/9**

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Express your dress culture by the tasteful selection, and adaptation to your outfit, of Manfield ideas in evening footwear.

This design is represented in Flesh coloured satin, with brocade in colour harmony on the strappings and heel. Manfield No. 261035 .. .. .. 49/9

Book of dress shoe fashions, with colour plates, post free.

Manfield

& SONS LTD

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And throughout London and United Kingdom.

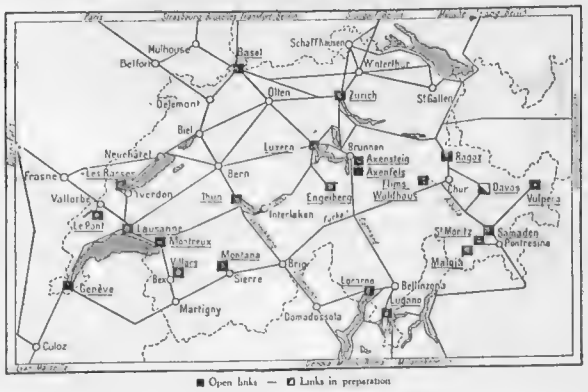
or large box contribution was asked from those who did not buy. Needless to say, there was no demur in giving to the latter, and, judging from the appreciation accorded the galaxy of lovely clothes, the orders placed must have totalled up to a nice sum. As a further attraction, Marcelle asked for, and obtained, the assistance of a bevy of representative actresses to act as mannequins. And right royally did these generous ladies come forward and enact what to them must have been unaccustomed parts.

Motoring Comfort

Motoring in Autumn, however pleasant the surroundings may be, is apt to prove a chilly business unless one is provided with a warm rug. The ideal rug for motorists is the "Motoluxe," made from pure alpaca wool, at the moderate cost of five guineas. For open cars the interlined windproof variety is recommended at an additional cost of half a guinea. The "Motoluxe" is assured of a warm welcome from all motorists.

Laundry by Post

Recognising the need for the really efficient dressings of shirts and collars, Sinclairs, of Homecroft Road, Wood Green, London, N.22, have decided to offer a service by post which will appeal to men who are fastidious over their linen. On receipt of instructions a strong and specially constructed box for collars, etc., is sent free of all charge to any address. Collars are produced with a finish identical to new, and each collar is moulded to fit the shirt neckband. Shirts receive equal care and attention.



■ Open links — ◻ Links in preparation

GOLF IN SWITZERLAND

A comprehensive map showing the chief golf courses in Switzerland. The game has now taken a firm hold in this country of picturesque surroundings

FOOTBALLERS OFF DUTY

Members of the Rugby Football XV from New Zealand, which is now touring the North of England, photographed while on a visit to the Rowntree factory at York. The Sheriff and dignitaries of the City of York accompanied them

At Monte Carlo

The Riviera Palace Hotel, Monte Carlo, is reopening during the next month. Added to its facilities, the Riviera Palace has the advantage of a superb panorama of Monte Carlo from the hotel terrace.

Round the World

Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I., F.A.G.S., is now making preparations for his farewell world tour from December to June. This is the last round-the-world tour of this well-known travel expert, and promises to be, as usual, a most interesting and pleasurable experience under his able guidance. All the glory of the Far East will be seen on this trip—Japan, Siam, Malaya, Ceylon, China, and then from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and the fortunate traveller will find himself in Vancouver, and onwards across the Canadian continent to Montreal and Quebec. The inclusive cost of this tour de luxe is £1,075, and a delightfully illustrated descriptive itinerary of the voyage and full particulars may be obtained from Mr. Gray at Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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"My youngest boy, aged 16 months, has been brought up on Benger's Food from 3 months. He is very bright and sturdy, has cut his teeth without trouble, and everyone says he is a great credit to Benger's. Several people who have asked what I have fed him on have tried your splendid Food with pleasing results."

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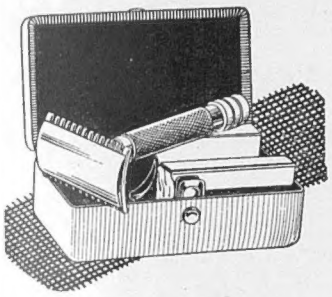

The Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap will be pleased to send to any applicant upon receipt of 36 outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap and 12 flaps from the boxes (bearing the words "Wright's Coal Tar Shaving Stick") this handsome razor set, consisting of heavily nickel-plated case, safety razor, two nickel-cased razor blade containers with two Horton British Sheffield blades. The whole case is lined with purple plush and is really an exceptional gift.

When you have collected 36 outside wrappers and 12 flaps from the boxes, send them, together with your name and address (clearly written), addressed to Razor Sets, Dept. 64, Wright, Layman & Umney Ltd., Southwark, S.E.1.

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SAVOURIES

PRAWNS WITH CAVIARE.
OYSTER TOAST.
TOMATO TIMBALE.
EGGS WITH OYSTER SAUCE.
DEVILLED ALMONDS.

Prawns with Caviare

FRY in butter to a golden brown eight rounds of stale bread, about two inches in diameter. Put into a basin 2 oz. of caviare, with half a shallot finely chopped, a few drops of lemon juice, and a pinch of cayenne. Stir all thoroughly together, drain the toast, and when it is cool place a thin slice of lemon and a teaspoonful of caviare on each *croûte*. Place a shelled prawn on each side of every *croûte* and half a stoned olive in the centre. To be served cold in a small silver or glass dish, and garnish with parsley.

Oyster Toast

Mince very finely one anchovy, have ready a score of oysters, remove the beards, and chop them small. Mix the anchovy and oysters together. Put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of cream, add a little cayenne, and, when melted through, spread on small rounds of buttered toast, and serve.

Tomato Timbale

Boil ½ lb of macaroni twenty minutes, strain it, and cut into lengths which will fit a plain round mould; line the mould with it, arranging the top by bending the macaroni in a spiral form. Fill this mould with a mixture made of 1 lb. of tomatoes, 1 lb. of mushrooms, and a ¼ lb. of grated cheese, all pounded together with 4 oz. of butter and the yolk of an egg; season with a little salt and cayenne. Put a paper round the mould and steam for one hour. Turn out and serve with a thick gravy or tomato sauce round. This makes an excellent luncheon dish.

Eggs with Oyster Sauce (an American Recipe)

Scald ten oysters in their own liquid, then take them out and cut them up small. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour. Next stir in a cup and a half of milk, and the oyster liquor, and season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Let it boil until it begins to thicken. Poach six eggs and lay on rounds of toast in a shallow baking-dish. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkling a little grated cheese on the top, and put the dish in a hot oven for a few minutes.

Devilled Almonds

Blanch ½ lb. of almonds, throw them into cold water, and then dry thoroughly with a cloth. Put the almonds into a frying-pan, in which 2 oz. of butter is frizzling. Fry until a golden brown, drain on a sieve in front of the fire, sprinkle with salt and cayenne, and serve very hot.

EMILIA.

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or even a long Train Journey with impunity, or are you one of those unfortunate people subject to travel sickness?

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No Drugs. ***No Danger.***

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Harvey Nichols *of Knightsbridge*

SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Pretty Coat *for little girl made from good quality Velour Cloth in soft shade of Green, trimmed strappings and embroidery in darker shade.*

Size 18 inch, Price 84/6
„ 20 „ „ 89/6
„ 22 „ „ 94/6
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